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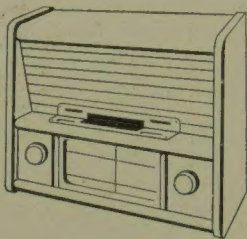
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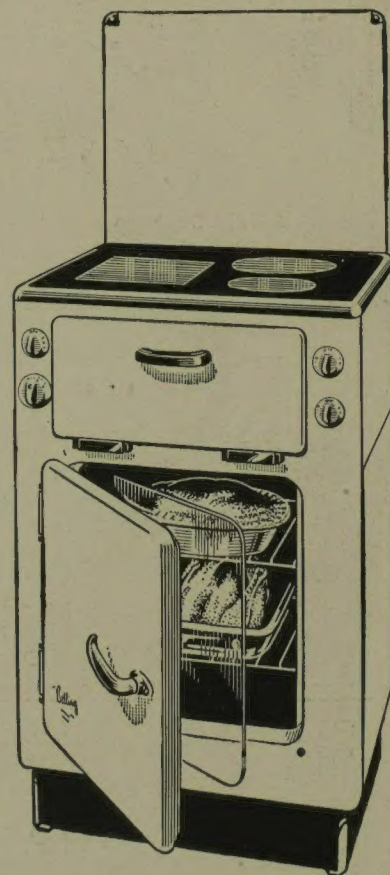
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1950.



AN EXPRESSION OF THE AFFECTION IN WHICH THE HEIR TO THE THRONE IS HELD: CROWDS IN THE VICINITY OF CLARENCE HOUSE AWAITING NEWS OF THE BIRTH OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S SECOND CHILD.

The great affection which the people of this country feel for H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Heir Presumptive to the Throne, has made her specially in their thoughts of late. On August 10, after the announcements that Sister Helen Rowe, the nurse who is attending her, had arrived at Clarence House on August 8, where her Royal Highness was this week expecting the birth of her second child, and that the physician, Sir John Weir, and the gynaecologist, Sir William Gilliatt, had paid several

visits, the general anxiety of Londoners found expression by the collection of crowds round Clarence House. These amounted at one time to 10,000, and men and women stood about in knots in the Mall looking up at Clarence House, while cars were parked on either side of the Mall. People attempted to take up stations outside the house, but were moved on and only allowed to wait in the vicinity. It will be remembered that Prince Charles was born in Buckingham Palace on November 14, 1948.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE bewildered incredulity with which intelligent Englishmen have watched recent happenings in Belgium—happenings of a kind familiar enough in the past of most European monarchies—is some measure of the degree to which the conception of kingship has been developed in this country. In Belgium, as in most other European countries before their monarchies fell, the Crown has been visualised, both by its wearer and by millions of his subjects, as a species of legal property—something which may or may not be defensible in justice or reason according to the taste or opinion of the individual observer. In earlier times this conception of kingship derived from a far bolder and more mysterious one: that the King was God's anointed, representing in his person, and even in his acts and beliefs, divine truths and blessings transmitted through his blood which a nation could only disregard at the price of divine punishment and retribution. There are not many in the world to-day who hold or can even comprehend this last view, which appears to the modern intelligence wholly ridiculous, though whether, soberly considered, it is any more ridiculous than the modern notion of the inevitability of "progress" is a matter which it needs a philosopher well endowed with humour living in an atom-proof ivory tower to resolve. But the idea that the Crown is a legal property like an estate or other right of inheritance is a perfectly intelligible one; a logically-minded Latin might indeed be hard-put to conceive what else the Crown could be. In England, however, scarcely anyone thinks of the Crown in this way, least of all the King. We have come to think of the Crown as something completely different, as the symbol of an inherent national unity to which every other consideration must be sacrificed. If or when the Crown lacks this property of unity, the Crown becomes in English eyes valueless and non-operative. That was why in 1936 the wearer of the English crown abdicated, and why his abdication was felt, almost universally, to be inevitable. For he had placed himself in a position in which he felt compelled to do something which, by outraging the moral sense, or prejudice, of millions of his subjects, was bound, if he remained on the throne, to divide them bitterly about the institution towards which, whatever their political, economic and social differences, they wished to feel at one. He therefore instantaneously, and as it were automatically, vacated the throne. Only a very few, and very un-English Englishmen, failed to comprehend the significance of this.

The King of the Belgians has seen himself, rightly or wrongly—and, I fancy, probably rightly—as a maligned man. He, the King, he maintains, has been traduced by the ignorant or malicious, and, as a result, he has been deprived of his kingly rights. He has made himself a suitor for justice at the court of his people's opinion. In doing so, he has made the Crown a party to a dispute, and bitterly and increasingly divided his country. He has done

something which, in the monarchical evolution of centuries, the English have instinctively come to feel is incompatible with kingship. By English standards, though by no means necessarily by Belgian ones—for a substantial majority of the Belgian people had voted for his return to the throne after this disruptive dispute had been continuing for many months and even years—he has shown himself unsuited to continue King. For the English, more, I think, than any people in the world, have solved the paradox of democracy, have discovered a way to tolerate the permanent and active division of opinion that democracy entails and yet to ensure an absolute national unity whenever such unity becomes essential—as it often does—for the nation's survival and well-being. The touchstone of that unity in this country is always the Throne. When we sing "God Save the King," we mean God save the man who unites us and God save the unity

we in this country believe to be real democracy, and which, as a nation, we repudiated quietly, firmly and without bloodshed, at the time of the General Strike. It was not only, in effect, repudiated by those who, in obedience to the will of Parliament, resisted the General Strike, but by those who led and supported it. For, by persistence in their undemocratic contention, the officers and rank and file of British organised Labour in 1926 could either have enforced their will on the majority, or, in default, have plunged the country into civil war. Profound as was their solidarity and strong and even bitter as were their feelings about the original matter of dispute, they did not proceed to this length. Instinctively, they turned away from such a course. In doing so—and it was a wonderful illustration of the continuity of English political life—they, in common with the majority whose will prevailed, added one more to the great

milestones of our constitutional history, of which Magna Carta, the Petition of Right and the Glorious Revolution are the most celebrated.

There is a passage in Lord Brougham's *Memoirs*—Lord Brougham of Queen Caroline's trial and the Reform Bill—which goes, I feel, to the root of the matter. It describes how at a time of violent controversy between the Prince Regent, on the one hand, and his wife and daughter on the other—a controversy in which the London mob was wholly and violently behind the rebellious Princesses—the Princess Charlotte, after a flaming row with her father, flounced out of Carlton House, hailed a hackney coach and fled to her mother's house, vowing that she would never return. As the Regent's right to control his daughter's movements was part of the prerogative, this shocked even the Opposition leaders. Hastily summoned, her Whig supporters, including Brougham, pleaded with the Princess.

At first there was no moving her; then Brougham, who was growing alarmed, coaxed her to the window where dawn was breaking. "Look there, Madam," he said; "in a few hours all the streets and the park, now empty, will be crowded with tens of thousands. I have only to take you to the window, show you to the crowd and tell them your grievances, and they will all rise in your behalf." When asked why they should not, Brougham replied that Carlton House would be attacked and pulled down, the soldiers ordered out and blood shed. "Were your Royal Highness to live a hundred years, it would never be forgotten that your running away from your father's house was the cause of the mischief; and you may depend upon it, such is the English people's horror of bloodshed, you would never get over it." At that the poor Princess, who had been till now like a bird loosed from its cage, was utterly dashed; after a pause, during which she regained her courage and composure, but not her former resolution, she consented to be driven back to the palace prison which was her home. In doing so, she showed her instinctive wisdom and fitness to be a Princess—and, had Fate allowed, a Queen—of England.

THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE MEETS IN STRASBOURG.



THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE NEW CHAMBER OF THE COUNCIL BUILDING, THE HOUSE OF EUROPE, ON AUGUST 7.

The second session of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe opened in Strasbourg on August 7. The delegates, for the most part members of their respective Parliaments, include this year eighteen delegates from Western Germany and four from the Saar. As associate members only, these countries are not represented on the Committee of Ministers; but in the Assembly they sit as equals. This year the Assembly is meeting in the new Council building, the House of Europe. The walls of the Chamber are covered with leather panels which produce a remarkable effect on the acoustics.

that this man inspires and symbolises. When the King receives the salute of his people or soldiers or stands at attention during the playing of the National Anthem, that is what he, too, means: he is reverencing, and dedicating himself to, the principle of British unity. Within that unity we can practise safely the widest diversity of democratic argument and disputation, knowing that in a moment, in any occasion of necessity, our common devotion to an undividing throne will restore us to unity. Like high-spirited and disputing children, we can be made one by remembrance of the family.

There has been another aspect of the recent unhappy events in Belgium that has puzzled us in England, though not, perhaps, as much. That has been the ease with which a minority imposed its will on the majority. What might have happened in this country at the time of the General Strike, but did not, has happened in Belgium. As a popular cartoonist has put it, the "People" have won, even though the "People" are a minority. A powerfully organised minority, calling itself "the People," has imposed its will, by force or threat of force, on a less powerfully organised majority. That is the negation of what



WEARING THE FRENCH MILITARY MEDAL AS HIS ONLY DECORATION: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NANCY TO RECEIVE THE FREEDOM OF THE TOWN AFTER ATTENDING A SESSION OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE AT STRASBOURG, WHERE HIS PROPOSAL FOR THE CREATION OF A EUROPEAN ARMY WAS APPROVED.



GRANTED POWER BY PARLIAMENT TO EXERCISE THE ROYAL PREROGATIVES: THE PRINCE ROYAL, PRINCE BAUDOUIN, TAKING THE OATH BEFORE A JOINT SESSION OF THE BELGIAN SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON AUGUST 11, WHEN BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT PLEDGED THEIR FULL SUPPORT.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL HONOURED AT NANCY; AND PRINCE BAUDOUIN BECOMES RULER OF BELGIUM.

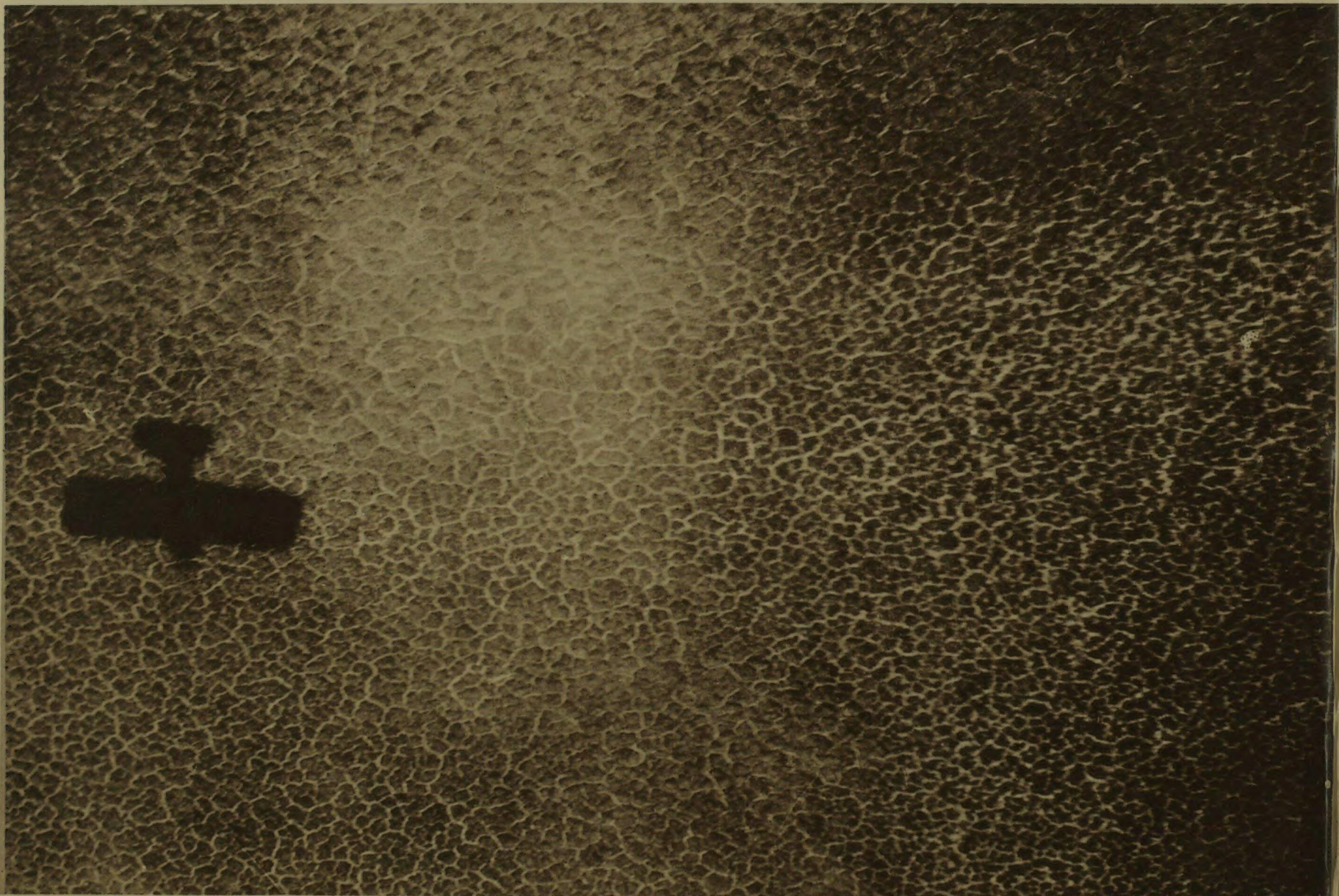
On August 11 the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe approved by 89 votes to 5, with 27 abstentions, a motion by Mr. Winston Churchill calling for the immediate creation of a European army subject to proper unified democratic control and acting in full co-operation with the United States and Canada. In his speech Mr. Churchill said: "There is no doubt that we are all in great danger. . . . I and others have given what warnings we could, but, as in the past, they fell on unheeding ears, or were used to sustain the false

accusation of war-mongering." On August 12 Mr. Churchill received the freedom of Nancy on his way back to London, and it was reported on August 14 that he and Mr. Clement Davies, Leader of the Parliamentary Liberal Party, had written to the Prime Minister asking for the recall of Parliament earlier than Sept. 12.—Prince Baudouin took the oath as ruler of Belgium on August 11 and a message was broadcast from King Leopold appealing to the Belgians to restore calm and tranquillity and transfer their attachment to his beloved son.

AUSTRALIA'S DEAD HEART, THE SALT-WASTE LAKE EYRE, FILLS WITH WATER.



BY LAKE EYRE, NEVER BEFORE IN LIVING MEMORY FILLED WITH WATER: MR. E. G. BONYTHON, WITH THE DINGHY IN WHICH HE AND MR. H. G. BROOKS EXPLORED IT.



LAKE EYRE IN ITS NORMAL CONDITION—A VAST ARID CRUST OF SALT: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AREA TAKEN BY THE LATE DR. C. T. MADIGAN FROM AN R.A.A.F. AIRCRAFT.

Lake Eyre, in the north-eastern part of South Australia, though marked on maps as a lake, is a vast depression covered with a salt crust over clay and mud—known as the Dead Heart of Australia. The series of wet seasons which have caused serious floods in Australia (illustrated on another page) have had the astonishing result of filling Lake Eyre with water, an event unknown within memory—and it is now an inland sea of 3000 sq. miles.

This has caused the surrounding desert to produce flowers and feed for cattle. Until last year no water had been seen in Lake Eyre since, over fifty years ago, a trickle reached the mouths of the rivers leading into it. Two South Australian pastoralists, Mr. E. G. Bonython and Mr. H. G. Brooks, recently completed an adventurous exploratory trip to the "lake." They went in an outboard-powered flat-bottomed dinghy from near the Kopperamanna crossing,



STROLLING BESIDE THE WIND-WHIPPED WATERS OF LAKE EYRE, USUALLY A VAST MUD-AND-CLAY DEPRESSION WITH A SALT CRUST, NOW AN INLAND SEA: MR. E. G. BONYTHON.

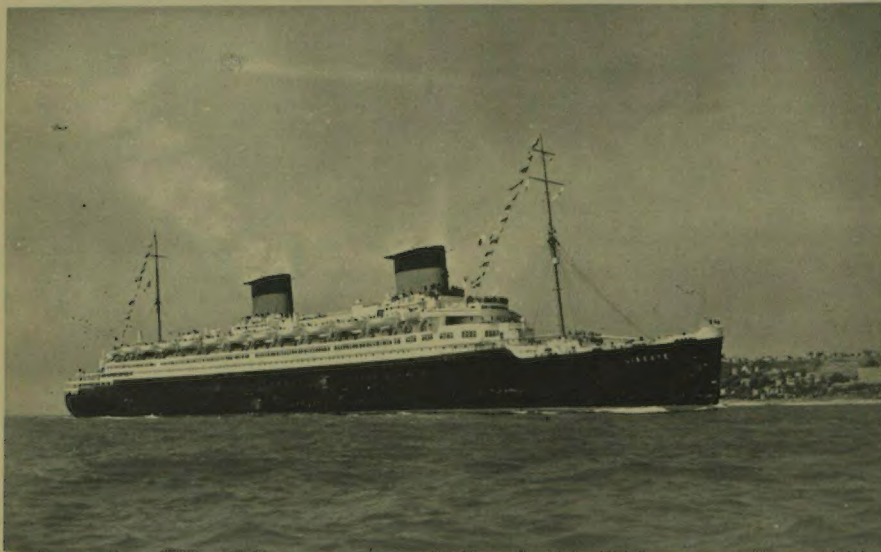


THE DESERT TRANSFORMED INTO A GARDEN: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CAMPING GROUND OF MR. E. G. BONYTHON AND MR. H. G. BROOKS, SHOWING THE WATERS OF LAKE EYRE.

on the Birdsville stock route, down the Cooper into what is usually a dry salt bed, now a huge sheet of wind-whipped water. Five miles from the edge of the lake they found 3 ft. of fresh drinkable water over a solid clay bottom. They went 15 miles out, till they could see no horizon but water. There were many fish and much bird life. The journey downstream took 2½ days, but 5½ days were needed to return against the strong current, and they were threatened

by falling earth from the undermined river banks. They brought back samples of plants, and made a colour film. Sir Douglas Mawson, Professor of Geology at the University of Adelaide, states that the filling of the lake can have no lasting effect, and that with an evaporation rate of 100 inches a year it will soon dry up. It has not been sufficiently full of water to run out to sea since the Ice Age.

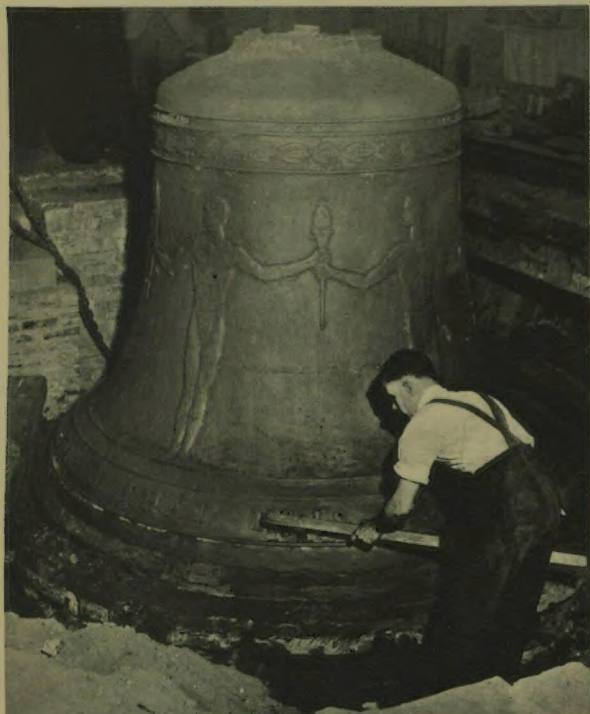
MAN'S WORK, NATURE AND THE WORLD: A SURVEY OF RECENT OCCASIONS AND EVENTS.



COMMISSIONED ON AUGUST 10 AND DUE TO START HER FIRST TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING UNDER THE FRENCH FLAG ON AUGUST 17: THE 49,700-TON LINER *LIBERTÉ*, FORMERLY THE GERMAN LINER *EUROPA*, NOW OPERATING FOR THE FRENCH LINE AFTER BEING RE-FITTED AND RE-DECORATED.

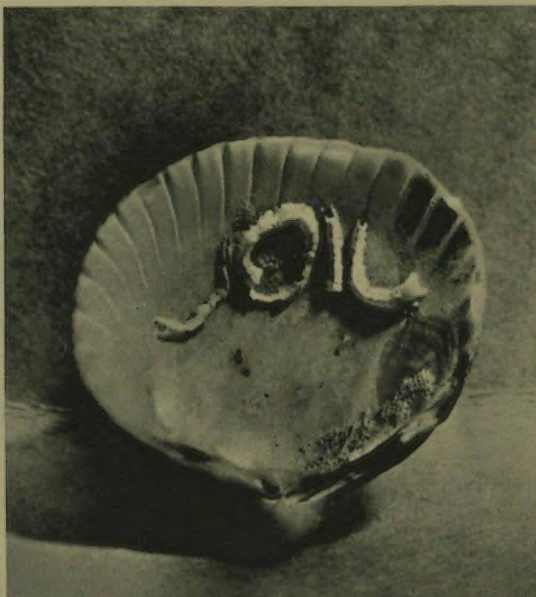


REPORTED TO BE THE FASTEST BOMBER IN THE WORLD: THE B-47A STRATOJET ON A TEST FLIGHT AT WICHITA. THE AIRCRAFT HAS A SPEED IN EXCESS OF 600 M.P.H., CAN CARRY OVER 20,000 LBS. OF BOMBS AND IS POWERED BY SIX TURBO-JET ENGINES.



NOW REMOVED FROM THE MOULD: THE BERLIN "FREEDOM" BELL IN COURSE OF MANUFACTURE AT CROYDON.

In our issue of August 5 we published a photograph of the casting ceremony, at Gillett and Johnson's Croydon bell-foundry, of the 10-ton bell which is to be installed in Berlin under the sponsorship of a U.S. committee "for a free Europe." Our photograph shows the inscription being cleaned after the removal of the bell from the mould.



AN ADVERTISEMENT—BY NATURE, UNLIMITED: A SEA-SHELL FOUND ON THE BEACH AT TEIGNMOUTH ON WHICH THE TUBE MADE BY A TUBE-WORM (*TUBICOLA*) CLEARLY FORMS A HIGHLY SUITABLE WORD—OIL. "THAT'S SHELL—THAT WAS" IN FACT—AN AMUSING NATURAL CURIOSITY WHICH STRUCK THE FINDER.



"THE PERFECT WOMAN" AND HER "VOICE": THE MODEL "LUMENA" AND MISS MARGARET FLANNERY AT A REHEARSAL AT OLYMPIA WHERE THE MODEL WILL BE DEMONSTRATED AT THE BRITISH FOOD FAIR.

"Lumena" is a model of the Perfect Woman made of transparent plastic, so that the internal organs, bones and muscles can be seen. It will be used to illustrate talks at the British Food Fair which opens on August 29. Miss M. Flannery supplies the "Voice."



THE TRADITIONAL PAGEANTRY OF THE ROYAL WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD: THE ARCHDRUID CYNAN RECEIVING A SYMBOLIC SHEAF OF CORN AND FLOWERS AT CAERPHILLY.

The Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod at Caerphilly was attended by many followers and the usual picturesque ceremonies were carried out. Our photograph shows the Archdruid Cynan (the Rev. A. E. Jones, C.B.E., M.A.)



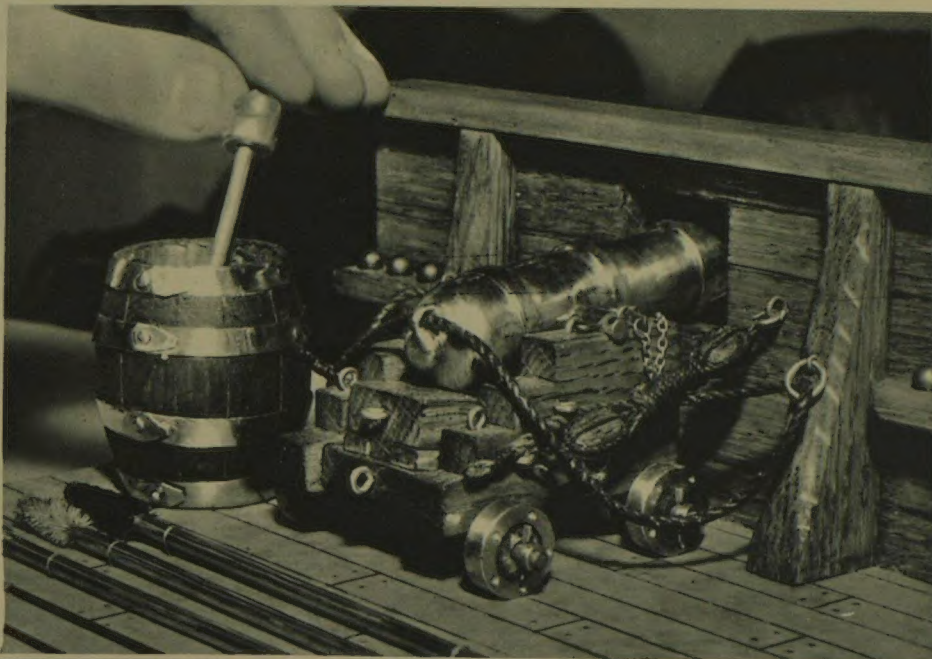
ADMIRING THE PRIZE-WINNING GARDEN AT WALHAM GREEN DISTRICT RAILWAY STATION: THE MAYORESS OF FULHAM, WHOSE HUSBAND INSPECTED THE DISPLAY.

Walham Green District Railway Station was awarded the first prize for the London Transport Station Gardens, tended by the station staff. The Mayor of Fulham, Councillor H. Rickard, himself an employee of London Transport, recently visited Walham Green District Railway station to inspect the display and to congratulate the staff.

FROM ROMAN BRITAIN TO THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: CURRENT EVENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE MODEL ENGINEER EXHIBITION: YOUNG VISITORS EXAMINING A MODEL "FLYING-SAUCE" WHICH CLIMBS, DIVES AND STUNTS. The twenty-fifth Model Engineer Exhibition opened in the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on August 9, and closes to-day, August 19. Among the 700 models on view is a "flying-saucer," made by a fifteen-year-old boy, which is powered by a small engine and with the aid of a control line, will climb, dive and stunt.



A MUZZLE-LOADER IN MINIATURE: A MODEL OF A NAVAL GUN, COMPLETE WITH EQUIPMENT, AT THE MODEL ENGINEER EXHIBITION.



A NEWLY-DISCOVERED ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENT OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C.: STUDENTS AT WORK CLEARING THE PAVEMENT, WHICH IS PART OF THE ANDOVERSFORD ROMAN VILLA.

Recent excavations at the site of the fourth-century Roman villa which was discovered at Andoversford, Gloucestershire, about two years ago, have led to the discovery of a second mosaic pavement in corridor form and to the hopes that this corridor may lead to another building. Operations are now in progress, following up this line of research, and students from several parts of the country are helping in the work. The excavations are being done under the supervision of Mrs. B. O'Neill, under the general direction of Dr. K. D. Pringle, of Cheltenham.



DISASTER IN DREAMLAND: HOLIDAY-MAKERS EXAMINING THE RUINS OF THE MAIN ARCADE IN MARGATE'S AMUSEMENT PARK AFTER A FIRE. At about midnight on August 8-9, a fire broke out in the main arcade at Dreamland, Margate's amusement park, which covers some 20 acres of ground. Fire-engines from Canterbury and towns all over Thanet were summoned, and fifty firemen fought the flames for two hours. The arcade contained rows of stalls and many of these were destroyed.



MISS IRIS KELLETT, ONE OF THE EQUAL WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION AT DUBLIN, PUTTING STARLET OVER A FENCE IN A FAULTLESS ROUND.



CO-WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING AT DUBLIN WITH MISS IRIS KELLETT (LEFT): LIEUT. R. D'INZEO, OF THE ITALIAN ARMY, ON DESTINO.

The international jumping event in the Dublin Horse Show, for which there were seventy-eight entries, ended on August 9 with a division of the stakes. In the last stages there were left in Miss Kellett on Starlet, Lieut. D'Inzeo on Destino, and Colonel Llewellyn on Foxhunter. Foxhunter faulted, and the stakes were divided between Miss Kellett and the Italian rider.

ALIEN WILDFLOWERS IN A SURREY BOMB-CRATER.



ONE OF A REMARKABLE GROUP OF ALIEN WILDFLOWERS FOUND IN A SURREY BOMB-CRATER: *DIGITALIS LUTEA* A STRAW-COLOURED FOXGLOVE.



ALSO GROWING IN THE SURREY BOMB-CRATER: ANOTHER EUROPEAN FOXGLOVE, *DIGITALIS FERRUGINEA*, OCCASIONALLY OFFERED IN SEED CATALOGUES.

SEED-DISPERSAL BY BOMB—OR BY PRACTICAL JOKER?



THE THIRD OF FOUR FOREIGN FOXGLOVES FOUND IN THE BROCKHAM HILL CRATER: *DIGITALIS AMBIGUA*, A FOXGLOVE NOT INFREQUENT IN GARDENS.



THE SCENE OF A REMARKABLE DISPERSAL OF SEEDS BY BOMB-BLAST OR, MORE PROBABLY, BY A PRACTICAL JOKER: THE "CRATERFUL OF ALIENS." A VIEW OF PART OF THE BOMB-CRATER ON BROCKHAM HILL, SURREY, SHOWING A WIDE DRIFT OF *DIGITALIS* WITH, APPARENTLY, *ELECAMPANE* IN THE CENTRE.

During the last three years botanists have become increasingly interested in a remarkable group of alien or, for the district, rare British wildflowers growing in a bomb-crater in a secluded corner of Brockham Hill, Surrey. *Digitalis lutea*, a yellow-flowered but rather insignificant foxglove, was the first to attract notice, but, in all, four of this genus were discovered, the others being *DD. ambigua*, *ferruginea* and *lanata*. British flowers rare for the district included *Isatis tinctoria* (woad), *Geranium pratense* (meadow cranesbill), *Myrrhis odorata*, *Chrysanthemum parthenium*, *Inula helenium* and *Leonurus cardiaca*. Foreign plants included *Lunaria rediviva* (an honesty), *Cochlearia glastifolia*, *Erysimum helveticum* (a relation of the wallflowers), *Diplotaxis erucoides* (a rocket), *Lepidium graminifolium* (a cress), *Lavatera thuringiaca* (a mallow), *Dorycnium herbaceum* (a legume), *Asperula tinctoria* (a woodruff), *Campanula*

alliariifolia, *Linariae organifolia* (a toad-flax), *Ballota acuta*, and a beet, *Beta trigyna*. Various causes for this extraordinary but confined naturalisation of aliens have been put forward. All the plants (including the local rarities) can be found in Central or South-Eastern Europe, and it has been suggested that the seeds were part of the bomb-filling. It seems unlikely that they would have survived the heat of the explosion. They might perhaps have had more chance of survival if they had collected in the grease on the outside of a bomb standing in a dump, but in this case the selection would hardly be so balanced and representative. The plants, however, have one marked characteristic in common—they are all familiar denizens of botanical collections, and it is impossible to resist the strong suspicion that this "craterful of aliens" (as it has been called) represents the work of a botanical practical joker.



COMPARING A CAPTURED RUSSIAN TANK WITH U.S. TANKS IN FIELD TESTS: U.S. ARMY ORDNANCE MEN AT THE ABERDEEN, MARYLAND, PROVING GROUND. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS (L. TO R.) AN M-46 GENERAL PATTON TANK; AN M-26 GENERAL PERSHING TANK; A CAPTURED RUSSIAN T-34; AND AN M-4 GENERAL SHERMAN.

At the United States Army proving ground at Aberdeen, Maryland, U.S. Army Ordnance men have been testing captured Russian-built tanks against U.S. tanks in field tests. The low, powerful T-34 tank (second from right), which has been widely used by the Red invaders in Korea, is said to be the best tank to come out of World War II. Equipped with an 86-mm. gun, it can outrun and outmanoeuvre the lighter U.S. *Pershing* and *Sherman* tanks and is a weapon to make the United States

search its own capacity to match the enemy's armoured strength. The United States' answer is the new M-46 *General Patton* heavy tank (left), which appears to be a development of the M-26 *General Pershing*. It carries a 90-mm. gun, is only 9 ft. 1 in. high (2.77 metres), and has a compact 810 h.p. air-cooled engine which propels it at 35 m.p.h. (Photograph from a picture report on the war in Asia in "Life International" for August 14. Copyright "Time" Inc., 1950.)



MOVING UP TO THE KOREAN FRONT LINE: U.S. HEAVY TANKS LOADED ON FLAT RAIL CARS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BATTLE ZONE.

AMERICAN AND CAPTURED RUSSIAN-BUILT TANKS COMPARED; AND U.S. ARMoured MIGHT IN THE WAR ZONE.

The American forces in Korea, who were for so long handicapped by lack of armour, have been strengthened by the arrival of heavy tanks. The Marines brought with them *Pershing* 45-ton tanks,

armed with a 90-mm. gun, but in the American counter-attack, launched on August 7, little was seen of them, and it was thought that these tanks were being reserved for a more critical stage of the battle.

AT the end of six weeks of war in Korea the area held by the forces of the United States and their South Korean allies represented, according to my reckoning, about one seventh of that of the Republic, which they were defending. This was indeed an ugly picture. The reality was ugly enough, but not so bad as appeared from measuring ground yielded and retained. The vital bridgehead beyond the Korean Strait was strongly held. The defence had not become cramped for room; in fact, the area was as extensive as it could operate in conveniently in its then strength, if not still rather too big. The port of Pusan had not been attacked from the air, and in view of the superiority of the Allies in that sphere, it seemed impossible that it could be subjected to serious attacks, except in the unlikely event that the North Koreans had been keeping axes up their sleeves. Strong reinforcements had arrived, troops whom it was reasonable to suppose to be better trained and in some cases more mature than those of the first American rearguard. Equally important was the fact that the chain of communication with the United States had been established. Movement across the vast Pacific must always take a long time, but when

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. AT CLOSE QUARTERS IN KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

young, vigorous and self-confident people. It may, however, lead to lack of balance in a time of emergency like the present. It is important not to allow the vision to be concentrated entirely upon Korea. Significant though this is, it is not of the first consequence. The resources allotted to it should be carefully measured. Already in one way or another more than can conveniently be spared are committed to it. American responsibilities elsewhere are enormous, and the creation of new forces with a high standard of training will take time. Meanwhile, there must be a shortage of reserves, and we cannot be sure that some fresh crisis in another part of the world, such as Greece, Yugoslavia or Persia, will not demand their presence. There exists, indeed, a risk, though a lesser one, that the next imbroglio may be on a far greater scale. All the world is aware that the immediate resources of the United States are sadly restricted by comparison either with those of Soviet Russia or with her own war potential.

The determination of the United Kingdom and Australia to furnish a substantial land force for the Korean campaign is therefore to be welcomed. It is to be hoped that no time will be wasted in putting it into the field, and that it will not arrive too late to lend a hand while it is needed. Sea and air support are very valuable, but it is, above all, infantry that is needed in this warfare. Apart from the conditions of the theatre, no belligerent left without the aid of the infantry of its allies will ever be convinced that they are playing a fair part. I have insisted upon this till my readers must be tired of the warning with regard to France and Western Union—now I observe that the French Minister of Defence, M. Moch, is using almost the same words. Yet if the complacency of American spokesmen and journalists, who have talked about "providing the air" in Europe, has been galling to the French, the Americans would likewise be irritated were we to say that we had too much upon our hands to be able to help with land forces. Already, correspondents tell us, American soldiers ask them why their people should have to bear this burden alone. Materially as well as psychologically, it is right that we should take a share at the earliest possible moment.

The subject of infantry brings to my mind a doubt about modern military policy which has long been with me and has been strengthened by reports from Korea. We—the word stands for the most highly civilised nations, with the United States as the chief culprit and ourselves a good second—have developed administration, welfare and fads until we are in danger of having no fighting troops for all these services to attend to, and they are largely waiting on each other and taking in each other's washing. Of course, the man with the rifle must be supplied and looked after, but if there are not enough men with rifles the services behind him will not win wars. The ironical situation indeed arises that when the fighting men are fighting their hardest, and especially when they are in most serious trouble, they obtain least benefit from all their auxiliaries in rear, while these are seldom of any use if called upon to take a hand in the fighting. I have been reproached by professional soldiers for joining in the demand that the military "tail" needs docking, but I consider that they themselves suffer from lack of imagination in concluding that because a lot of people say such and such a thing is necessary, it must therefore be found. If we have become too dependent upon laundries, cinemas, concert parties, lecturers and doughnuts, then the soldier should be taught that it is possible to do without these and many other luxuries for a spell.

Staffs have become absurdly swollen—which means extra clerks, typists, draughtsmen, orderlies, cooks, mess servants, batmen, cars, petrol, and heaven knows how much else, so that headquarters become more and more unwieldy. In older days a few staff officers in key posts were driven almost beyond endurance by the pressure of work in war. Every time this overwork is noticed they are reinforced. Yet the top-sawyers continue to do all the work that needs to be done, while most of the others have to make work if they would keep themselves warm. The primary duty of an army is to fight; that is what it is raised, trained and paid for. Modern arms and equipment have greatly increased the proportion of men who must in any case wait on the men in the front line, but we have allowed ourselves to be carried away by a desire for perfection, forgetting that it is achieved not by meeting every conceivable demand, but by the most prudent allocation of the means available to meet a series of demands which in sum always exceed these means. We have likewise overlooked the fact that in time of adversity extra fire-power is more effective in preserving morale than all the comforts and conveniences in the world. It is time that a reformer of personality and imagination applied his talents to this problem.

I do not suggest that American or Western European troops can imitate the Koreans, for whom the problem hardly exists and who are said to be able to put 70 per cent. of their troops into the firing line, where their opponents put about 30 per cent. What must be



KOREA AFTER SIX WEEKS OF WAR: A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE FRONT ON AUGUST 5, WHEN "THE AREA HELD BY THE FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR SOUTH KOREAN ALLIES REPRESENTED . . . ABOUT ONE-SEVENTH OF THAT OF THE REPUBLIC, WHICH THEY WERE DEFENDING."

the chain is once working in such circumstances it acts as a conveyor belt, so that even when new formations and units are not passing along it, there is a steady flow of material, supplies and reinforcements.

What had by then become the main Communist thrust, through the town of Chinju, had been sharply checked eleven miles east of that point, though much heavier assaults towards Masan were expected. North of the big bend of the Nakdong River, the Americans and South Koreans had generally withdrawn behind the long reach running from north to south. Vague reports had come in over that week-end of long North Korean columns moving south towards the front, and some commentators had speculated whether they might not be Manchurian troops of Korean race; but there seemed a probability that what had actually been seen was only a small part of this reinforcement, the rest being the product of imagination. It is to be noted that there are numerous Koreans living outside the frontier of Korea and Russian subjects, some of them with military experience in the Second World War. None of the reports of "Russians" serving with the North Koreans has ever been confirmed, but it is possible that there are in their ranks highly-trained soldiers who have served and fought in Russian armies. Whatever the strength and origin of the reinforcements available to the North Koreans, it was certain that they had not shot their bolt and that further heavy assaults must be expected.

On the northern flank Communist pressure had for the time being almost ceased. On the coast the enemy was being held without difficulty at Yongdok. It appeared doubtful policy not to have contracted the front in this region, but the outside commentator would be presumptuous if he were to lay down the law in a case of this sort, since there may be considerations which escape his view. While danger to the whole bridgehead in Korea remained active, the risk that individual positions, and the troops holding them, would be enveloped and isolated seemed to have been removed by the withdrawals which had already taken place. One unfavourable factor was that the allied air forces were hampered by bad weather and had found fewer targets. I have pointed out that the rains in Korea are not nearly as heavy as was suggested at the beginning of the campaign. At the same time, as the autumn approaches, the weather will become less suitable for flying, and in winter, of course, activity will be even more restricted. Rougher seas may also make it more difficult to operate aircraft from carriers. Air power will none the less continue to play a great part.

I have not changed my general view about future prospects. The American withdrawals, latterly to a great extent voluntary, are not matter for astonishment, still less for despair. The dangers, still very great, are not greater than they were. American fire power has increased and at the same time become more concentrated, owing to the shortening of the front. The enemy will doubtless before these lines appear in print have made another supreme effort. His spirit is probably still high, whatever be the loss and strain which he has endured, since victory is the best of all anodynes. It is as apparent to him as to us that his difficulties must increase from now onwards, as the Americans become better balanced, unless he succeeds in driving them off the Korean peninsula within a very short time. There is still room for doubt about the issue of the great, and probably final, test. There is still cause for anxiety. Yet, balancing the issues, I consider that the Americans are considerably more likely to win than to be defeated. No one in the United States, in Japan, or in Korea has suggested that a heavy and successful counter-offensive in the near future is a possibility. I will not proclaim myself more sanguine, though it is worth bearing in mind that when the fortunes of a campaign do turn, the reversal of fortunes is often complete.

Public opinion in the United States is more emotional and excitable than our own. The American "just hates to take a licking." This is a good national trait, the sign of a



"THE MAN WITH THE RIFLE MUST BE SUPPLIED AND LOOKED AFTER, BUT IF THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH MEN WITH RIFLES THE SERVICES BEHIND HIM WILL NOT WIN WARS": TWO TYPES OF U.S. FIGHTING MEN IN COMBAT UNIFORMS—(LEFT) A MARINE WITH LIGHT PACK AND (RIGHT) A G.I. WITH PACK AND BED ROLL.

realised is that war calls for great physical effort and austerity, so that the civilised man engaged in it needs to recover certain primitive qualities; that numbers still count, so that the side which is the more wasteful of its man-power has to pay a penalty; that infantry has still an important rôle, so that it should be maintained at a strength properly proportioned to the total of men in uniform; and that, in the words of Foch, "victorious armies have always been ragged and dirty."

THE WAR IN KOREA: TWO METHODS OF FIGHTING ATTACK-BY-INFILTRATION.



PROTECTION AGAINST INFILTRATION UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS: A U.S. FLARE BURNING OVER A KOREAN RIVER CROSSING. NIGHT INFILTRATION HAS, THROUGHOUT THE CAMPAIGN, BEEN A FEATURE OF NORTH KOREAN TACTICS AND HAS ENTAILED CEASELESS WATCHFULNESS ON THE PART OF THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES.



PROTECTION AGAINST INFILTRATION UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS: A SOUTH KOREAN OFFICER (RIGHT) EXAMINING A NORTH KOREAN CAPTIVE. IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT THE NORTH KOREAN WEARS THE USUAL COMMUNIST FIVE-POINTED STAR ON THE FRONT OF HIS CAP.

Although the most obvious and indeed the principal cause of the rapid advances of the North Korean forces would seem to lie in their tanks, as regards their quantity, quality and skilful employment, nevertheless, two other features which have helped their advance must not be disregarded. First must come their use of darkness. In very many cases they have used the night to move troops to advanced positions, in readiness for dawn attack; and this has been particularly noticeable in cases of river crossings. The shallowness of the Korean rivers has proved little obstacle to

determined infantry, who have often been able to establish useful bridge-heads during the hours of darkness. Another source of strength to the North Koreans has been the impossibility (for an American) to tell the difference between a North Korean and a South Korean; and an approach by apparently friendly South Koreans has often proved to be a calculated ambush by North Koreans. Our photographs illustrate two of the methods used in combating these sources of danger—the use of flares to illuminate danger points and intelligence reports by South Korean officers.



THE FIRST HELICOPTER IN THE KOREAN WAR: A U.S. SIKORSKY HO4S, HERE SEEN TAKING OFF OVER U.S. MARINES IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF KOREA. HELICOPTERS OF THIS KIND ARE USED FOR CLOSE LIAISON AND EVACUATING WOUNDED—AS HAS BEEN DONE RECENTLY IN THE MALAYAN ANTI-BANDIT CAMPAIGN.



COVERING A ROAD IN SOUTHERN KOREA: A UNITED STATES MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT ON CULTIVATED SLOPES DOMINATING A LEVEL VALLEY BETWEEN TYPICAL KOREAN HILLS. IN THE FOREGROUND LIE THE BODIES OF NORTH KOREANS KILLED IN THE PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT.

THE WAR IN KOREA: ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES, A HELICOPTER IN ACTION, AND

The beginning of August was marked in Korea by two things: the intensification of the North Korean drive for Pusan and Pohang, the two American supply ports; and the arrival of strong reinforcements for the United States forces. The latter, all of which reached the country on or around July 31 and August 1, consisted of the 2nd Infantry Division, the 1st Marine Division

and the 50th Regimental Combat Team. It was stated at the time that the American strength in fighting troops had probably been virtually doubled, and it was assumed that many deficiencies in material had also been made up. The 2nd Infantry Division had travelled across the Pacific in ten days and brought with them their supporting armour. The 1st Marine Division is one



UNITED STATES MARINES OF THE 1ST MARINE DIVISION MOVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE SOUTH KOREAN PORT AT WHICH THEY LANDED ON AUGUST 1. IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN A LARGE LANDING-CRAFT WITH ITS FLAPS OPEN. THESE MARINES WERE IN ACTION WITHIN A WEEK.



FIRST AID FOR A MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT: A UNITED STATES MEDICAL OFFICER TENDING A MACHINE-GUNNER WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED IN THE WRIST. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE SMOKE AND FLAMES RISING FROM A SMALL SOUTH KOREAN TOWNSHIP.

THE BUILD-UP FOR THE COUNTER-ATTACK ALONG THE SOUTHERN FRONT TOWARDS CHINJU.

of great prestige and high morale: they landed at an unspecified port and were in action on the southern front near Chinju within the week. The 50th Regimental Combat Team, believed to be about 4000 strong, arrived from Hawaii. They were the last American occupation troops in Korea and should benefit by their knowledge of the terrain. The effect of these

reinforcements was felt very soon and by August 9, U.N. counter-attacks were meeting with considerable success, and in the southern sector, around Chinju, the Marines on August 10 had achieved "something like a rout" of the North Koreans. On the same day however the North Koreans attacked Pohang and on Aug. 11 there was fierce fighting in the town.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

HYBRID BLACK RASPBERRIES.

THREE years ago, in the autumn of 1947, I was sent half-a-dozen stools of a hybrid black-fruited raspberry. They came as a very welcome gift from the raiser.

Knowing rather less than nothing about the habits of this hybrid, except that—in common with navvies—it would almost certainly require something to lean on, I planted the stools 4 ft. apart, and gave them some lengths of 4-ft. iron railings by way of support.

During the summer of 1948 they busied themselves producing canes, four or five on each stool. They were canes such as I had never seen or imagined on any raspberry. Stout, rigid, and growing bolt upright to a height of 8 to 10 ft. That autumn I trained them down to their fence. I left them their full length, and

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

the main canes. One can see them all at a glance,

and just stand and pull them off two and three at a time. How the weight of crop per yard run compares with an average crop of red raspberries I cannot say, for I kept no records. But the fruit made a good show. It may be that it would be better to plant the stools 2 ft. apart instead of 4 ft., as I did, and then, instead of leaving the canes full length and arching them down to their fence, to shorten them to, say, 5 ft., and just tie them in, erect, to their support.

In the matter of propagation they are like the loganberry and the blackberry. Making no suckers in the conventional manner, they can only be increased by arching down the current year's growing canes, and burying their tips in the ground an inch or two deep. The tips soon root, and may then be severed from the parent canes. The best time to do this is about mid-August. It is important to make sure that the rooting cane tips do not become blown out of the ground by wind. To prevent this they may be tied to pegs driven into the soil close to the place of burial.

I have made enquiries into the parentage of the black raspberry, and am informed that it is a cross between *Rubus occidentalis*, a wild black-fruited American species of the Eastern States and Canada, and the red-fruited garden raspberry "Malling Promise." *Rubus occidentalis* is a true raspberry in that the fruit comes off the "plug."

Several varieties of this *R. occidentalis* x "Malling Promise" have been raised, but so far none of them has been given a distinctive name. They are referred to by the American name for the cross, "purple cane hybrids." This name seems odd to me, for the canes of my plants are a pale silvery green. It will be interesting to see what will be the future of the hybrid black raspberry, of which I, personally, think so highly.

As a "market" fruit I should say that it will take a long time for it to become popular, for the general public are strangely conservative and suspicious about any fruit or vegetable which is "different." It took the tomato many years to be regarded with anything but horror and suspicion. To-day red tomatoes are grown and eaten by the train-load. But they must be red. A few yellow tomatoes are grown in private gardens—as a sort of adventure—but one seldom sees them in the shops. No matter how prolific and delicious a yellow tomato might be raised, grown and sent to market, it would be a long, long time before it would sell in competition with even the poorest red varieties. Popularity might perhaps be



THE BLACK RASPBERRY—A HYBRID BETWEEN THE BLACK-FRUITED AMERICAN *RUBUS OCCIDENTALIS* AND THE RED RASPBERRY "MALLING PROMISE." IT IS HERE GROWN WITH THE FRUITING CANES TIED IN ARCS, FOR CONVENIENCE OF PICKING. WHILE THE NEW CANES GROW ERECT TO A HEIGHT OF 8 TO 10 FT.

bent them, curving and arching them so that their middles were tied to the top rail and their tips came within a couple of feet of the ground. Trained in this way the canes, from plant to plant, criss-crossed one another and "furnished" the fence comfortably, without any overcrowding.

Last summer they fruited well, but blackbirds discovered their virtues, and stole the whole crop before a single berry was fully ripe. We never got a look in. This summer it has been different. We have had a really heavy and worth-while crop, and for some reason the blackbirds have not touched them. I do not attribute this immunity to either virtue or remorse on the part of the birds. The reason was, I think, that not far away there were two rows of red raspberries, "Malling Promise," fruiting for the first time. Here the blackbirds were able to steal more easily—and more secretly—amid the thicket of young and old canes. However it was, we enjoyed the whole of our crop of black raspberries ourselves, and uncommonly good they were, crushed, with sugar, and with adequate floods of cream. I repeat—cream. A day or two after we had eaten the last of our black raspberries, a friend told us that on no account should we waste them by eating them raw—even with cream. They should be bottled, or made into jam, especially jam, which is supremely good. He became quite lyrical about black raspberry jam. Too late.

In habit this black raspberry is entirely different from the normal red-fruited varieties. The red raspberries, whilst fruiting on the canes which were formed last year, send up a thicket of fresh young canes, which will fruit the following summer. They come up as suckers, often a foot or more from the parent canes. To gather the fruit one has to stoop and peer and grope amid the mass of foliage to find the berries. The hybrid black raspberry, on the contrary, sends out no suckers. All the new canes spring from close around the central stool, as in a loganberry or blackberry, and they stand erect, and in no way interfere with harvesting operations. The berries are of good size, and in colour very like fully-ripe mulberries. They are sweet and have the full true raspberry flavour, and are said to be first-rate not only for jam, but for jelly, for bottling and for juice as a drink.

One of the greatest advantages of the black raspberry is that it is far easier to pick than the red varieties. Everyone knows what a pest it is searching for raspberries amid their mass of leaves and forest of young canes. Many garden-owning housewives find the raspberry season one long tedious nightmare. The fruit *must* be picked, as well as bottled and jammed, day after day as long as the crop lasts. But there is nothing elusive about the black raspberries. They are carried in loose corymbs on wiry, erect side-shoots which stand out clear from



A CLOSE-UP OF THE BLACK RASPBERRY IN FRUIT. THE FRUIT IS CARRIED ON "LOOSE CORYMBS ON WIRY, ERECT SIDE-SHOOTS WHICH STAND OUT CLEAR FROM THE MAIN CANES. ONE CAN SEE THEM ALL AT A GLANCE. . . . THE BERRIES ARE OF GOOD SIZE AND IN COLOUR VERY LIKE FULLY-RIPE MULBERRIES. " THEY ARE SWEET AND HAVE THE FULL TRUE RASPBERRY FLAVOUR."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

hastened if the super-yellow tomato were credited with rich supplies of half-a-dozen assorted vitamins, letters of the alphabet attached and chosen at random, and each invaluable for slimming, flat foot, housemaid's knee, or what not.

As a fruit for home cultivation in private gardens the black raspberry probably has a more immediate future. Folk who are shy of novelties in the shops are often equally ready to grow their own novelties in the garden.

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REUNITED FOR THE HOLIDAYS: THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH HER CHILDREN AT THEIR COUNTRY HOME, COPPINS.



COUNTRY HOME OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER THREE CHILDREN: COPPINS, IVER, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHICH FORMERLY BELONGED TO THE LATE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

ON August 4 the Duchess of Kent and her three children left London Airport for Jersey, where they are spending their summer holiday this year. The Duke of Kent, who will be fifteen on October 9, is at Eton, where the summer half ended on August 2. The day before the family left for Jersey the photographs which appear above were taken in the grounds of their country home at Iver. Coppins became the residence of the late Duke of Kent and the Duchess of Kent in 1936. Princess Victoria, King George V.'s unmarried sister, died there

[Continued below.]



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA HELPS HER MOTHER WITH HER COAT: AN INFORMAL STUDY OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH HER DAUGHTER AND HER TWO SONS, THE DUKE OF KENT (LEFT) AND PRINCE MICHAEL.



HOME FROM ETON FOR THE SUMMER VACATION: A HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD DUKE OF KENT IN THE GROUNDS OF COPPINS, AT IVER.



ON THE EVE OF THEIR HOLIDAY IN JERSEY: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH HER TWO ELDER CHILDREN. THE DUKE OF KENT IS HOLDING MUMPHIE, A LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUND.

[Continued.]

in 1935. After the death of King Edward VII., Princess Victoria was her mother's devoted companion, but after Queen Alexandra's death in 1925 she went to live at Coppins, Iver, where she was greatly beloved for her charitable work and keen interest in village affairs. The Duchess of Kent's three children have all grown up at Coppins since the tragic death of their father in 1942. The Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra, who will be fourteen on Christmas Day, are both nearly as tall as their mother. Their younger brother, Prince Michael, was eight last month.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.

"THE CAPITAL OF SCOTLAND: A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CONTEMPLATION ON EDINBURGH": By MORAY McLAREN.*
An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE has been no shortage of books about Edinburgh. As the Lord Provost says in his Introduction: "Mr. Moray McLaren tells me that he has enjoyed writing this book. Having enjoyed his enjoyment, I can well believe him. But this does not prevent me from thanking him for the eagerness, as well as the hardihood, with which he took up the task of contributing yet one more book to the literature on the Capital of Scotland; for the gift of his talents to our Edinburgh purpose, and for the assiduity with which he has seen that purpose through the press." "Hardihood" and "assiduity" are pertinent words: those qualities have never been lacking in the Scots, even when more dangerous enterprises than the writing of books have been involved. In any event, why, because a subject has been often undertaken, should a man, with his own personality, his own angle of vision, and his own standpoint in perpetually-lapsing time, not approach it anew? Edinburgh has been written about a great deal, as London has been written about to an extent with which even the boldest and most "assiduous" reader could not cope. Yet a generation ago Mr. James Bone published two books, full of an equal affection for, and knowledge of, the two cities, called "The Edinburgh

there were a score of other names which, though now mainly of interest to the social, legal or literary historian, were then known in all Europe and were famous in the two Kingdoms." Dr. Johnson saw something of it and was rather surprised; as surprised he was again when he met chieftains in the Hebrides who were as well acquainted with the Classics as himself.

Why do fewer and fewer people now refer to Edinburgh as the "Modern Athens," which it attempted to be architecturally and came near being (so far as anything modern could vie with Athens) in a cultural way. I don't think the causes are mainly political (though a Repeal of the Union might help to retain talent in Edinburgh, and even to restore something of the old brilliant social life), but that they are mainly economic. I think that in Elizabeth's time, and I know that in Queen Anne's time, Royal Proclamations were either considered or actually made, limiting the size of London, for every kind of adequate reason. The latest formula is to try to scatter London in the neighbourhood of London, which will infallibly lead to the satellites joining London and making London even larger still. London is a universal magnet. It is the greatest manufacturing city in the country: it is the greatest port; it is the headquarters of the Government and the Court; it is the centre of all the book and newspaper-publishing; its hospitals dazzle the eyes of all ambitious medical students; through the opportunities it offers it attracts most of the brainiest young men of all professions. Everything is concentrated; the counties, the Kingdom of Scotland, and the Principality of Wales are denuded; almost everybody comes to London. Mr. Churchill when young (and I wish he had stuck to his youthful ideas), perceiving how disastrous and dull that process was, suggested the Restoration of the Heptarchy; not merely would Wales and Scotland (except for foreign affairs) have had Home Rule, but Mercia, Northumbria, Wessex and the rest would have had their local Parliaments for local affairs, and might have been able to indulge in some local enterprise, to have expressed their regional tastes and desires, to have retained some of their clever men as against the attraction of London, and even to have had some fun. It didn't come off: for Wessex now read Whitehall.

Mr. McLaren ends by saying that the most notable thing about Edinburgh is her light. I have been there at the wrong seasons of the year, but, as I read him, I can completely accept the fact that there is an Edinburgh luminosity peculiar to Edinburgh. He could not be so passionate (he is both an honest man and an eloquent writer) otherwise:

"The grey prehistoric Castle Rock, the grimy towers of the Old Town become luminous when caught by the north-western light on summer twilights—the north-western light that reaches over the heads of the people down below in the streets of the city, and catches the heights above them before disappearing for the short night. It is at such moments that the huge masses of stone that, millenniums ago, thrust itself out of the earth blushes as if, deep in it, there lurked some antique and diluted blood. They have called Athens the 'violet-crowned' because of the evening light that touches the marble of the Parthenon. [I think myself



THE PRECIPITOUS CITY: THIS ENGRAVING, MADE AFTER J. M. W. TURNER IN 1826, GIVES A CHARACTERISTICALLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY ROMANTIC VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM THE CALTON HILL.*

Perambulator" and "The London Perambulator," which read as freshly as though nobody had ever discovered these two layers of history and accumulations of fanes, houses, shops and people before. And, I think, the greatest tribute I can pay to Mr. McLaren's book is, that for all its differences (and he is not yet quite so thorough an antiquary as Mr. Bone) it comes with the same freshness.

I write without prepossession. My children have Scottish blood, but so far as I can ascertain, I am one of the last Englishmen (except, perhaps, for some peasants on secluded moors) who hasn't a trace of it. Also my few personal experiences of Edinburgh have been unfortunate, the East Wind cutting through me like a knife. I have stood in Prince's Street (wondering how on earth Scotsmen allowed other Scotsmen to have the hardihood and assiduity to drive a railway right along that valley); I have admired the views of the Castle and the Calton Hill; I have seen that very fine, if very elaborate, War Memorial, and I have wandered through those squares which resemble the squares of Bloomsbury, but have survived them; the squares of Bloomsbury, alas, being increasingly mutilated by a generation which talks, in a mechanical way, about Town-Planning but never interferes with the destruction of the Town-Planning of the Past. But, in spite of an occasional physical presence there, my knowledge of Edinburgh is chiefly derived from books: and all the Edinburghs I know from books are vividly brought to life here.

In the Old Town and the New Town the great and violent contrasts between the various periods of Scottish history are still recorded in the stones of houses and the lay-out of streets. In the Old Town it is impossible to avoid memories of conflict, butchery and murder. "One recalls that it was through the Canon-gate that the Marquis of Montrose was carried, bound high upon a hurdle after his defeat at Invercarron, his wounds still 'green and smarting, his visage comely but wan and worn.' It was from that window that Argyle mocked him while Argyle's lady, to outdo her lord, spat in the pale unheeding face. But it was on the paving stones of the street itself that there stood the common people who were so moved by his dignity that they paid him the tribute not of aristocratic saliva, but of salt plebeian tears. Reflection on Montrose leads at once to the thought of Major Thomas Weir, 'the wizard,' who led the procession of the captured Marquis—the almost incredible but wholly 'Scotch' and Edinburgh Major Weir, whose infamies and hypocrisy appalled even the Seventeenth-century Capital of Scotland, whose memory lingered dreadfully until as late as 1878 when his house was destroyed. From Weir one passes easily to a century later and the more jovial but equally hypocritical villain Deacon Brodie."

What a change within a hundred years! "However distasteful," says Mr. McLaren, "it may be for those of us with Nationalist sympathies to have to admit it, there is no denying the fact that the golden age of Edinburgh character, taste and achievement occurred after the Act of Union and after the failure of the rising of 1745... Edinburgh at that time shone like a lighthouse in the north of Europe. Her gleams were visible on the shores of the Mediterranean and beyond the frontiers of Russia. Names still illustrious come to mind to illuminate for us that now distant period—Adam Smith, James Boswell, David Hume, Henry Raeburn, Robert Burns, the young Walter Scott, not all of them of Edinburgh, but all adding to her lustre. At that time, too, two hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago,



THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN: AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY RECOLLECTION OF A STILL EARLIER SCENE IN THE HIGH STREET OF THE OLD TOWN. THE TOLBOOTH WHICH FILLS THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE UNDER THE TOWER OF ST. GILES' WAS REMOVED IN 1817.

Reproductions from the book by Courtesy of the Publishers, Douglas and Foulis, Edinburgh.

that the ring of violet-coloured hills around the City is enough explanation.] It would be difficult to find an epithet suitable for the crown that Edinburgh wears upon such occasions."

That is like R. L. Stevenson at his most rhapsodical, and there is no harm in that. That the eighteenth century still lingers in Edinburgh is attested by another paragraph, where the romantic cackle is definitely cut: "The hospitality of Edinburgh and the pleasure her people take in it is domestic in quality, but is not restricted to the home. It is true that the memorable feats of hospitality are domestic, or at least occur within doors. It is true that anyone who has lived in Edinburgh for some time, anyone, that is, who has had the sense and the curiosity to put himself forward into the play of the city, will recall great occasions of hospitality at the dinner tables of private houses or in clubs, occasions when the hosts' effulgence of demeanour seems almost to rival that of the sunset at the windows and of the portraits on the wall, occasions when all the guests have displayed such fervour of the spirit and the intelligence that they seem momentarily worthy of having been born two hundred years earlier. Such evenings, it is true, do linger in the memory, even if they do not seem quite so roseate in immediate retrospect."

The returned prodigal—for Mr. McLaren seems to have been many years among the Sassenachs—seems to have had the Fatted Calf killed for him. He has now, in gratitude, written a charming book.

* "The Capital of Scotland: A Twentieth-Century Contemplation on Edinburgh." By Moray McLaren. Illustrations, some Coloured. (Published for the Right Hon. Sir Andrew Murray, Lord Provost of the City, by Douglas and Foulis; £1 1s.)



ONE OF THE GLORIES OF EDINBURGH WHOSE FESTIVAL TAKES PLACE FROM AUGUST 20—SEPTEMBER 9: ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL CHURCH, SHOWING THE CHAPEL OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE.

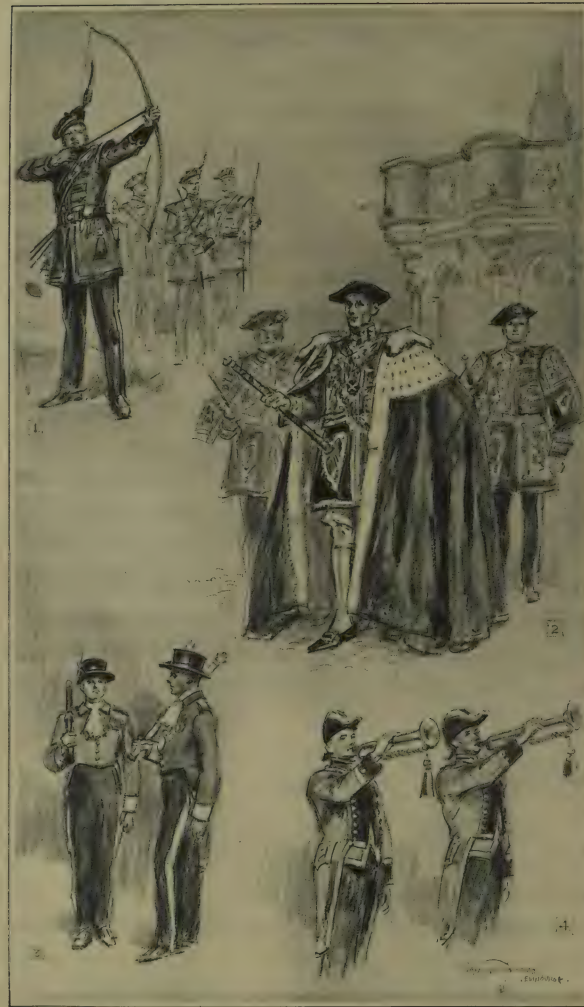
The 1950 Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama will open to-morrow, August 20, with the Service of Praise and Thanksgiving in St. Giles' Cathedral Church. This drawing, made by our Special Artist, depicts the great Gothic edifice from the south, showing the Chapel of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle (opened by the late King George V. and Queen Mary during their visit to Edinburgh on July 19, 1911), while rising lightly over the great pile is the "Crown of St. Giles." The lantern is formed of eight flying buttresses meeting to support the central

pinnacle, and supported by eight pinnacled buttresses rising from the corners and sides of the square tower. In his "Edinburgh," George Scott-Moncrieff points out that it is a Gothic development almost peculiar to Scotland. It was restored in the earlier seventeenth century under one of the Milnes and is "a faithful recapitulation of the fifteenth-century original achieved by masons for whom the Gothic tradition was not yet dead..." The Mercat Cross (right) is a Victorian replacement of the original. From the Mercat Cross Royal Proclamations were read, including that of Prince Charles Edward in

September, 1745, and it was also the place of execution for notable people condemned to death: such as Kirkaldy of Grange and Montrose, who were both hanged there. This year the Festival offers a programme as brilliant, as varied and as important as in previous years. Six famous orchestras—those of La Scala, Milan, and the Royal Philharmonic, the Hallé, the B.B.C. Scottish, the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française and the Copenhagen Staatskapelle—will be heard under conductors who include Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir John Barbirolli, Ian Whyte, Victor de Sabata and

Roger Désormière, and there will be two new productions by Glyndebourne Opera Company. The Glasgow Citizens Theatre will give two new plays: "The Queen's Comedy" by James Bridle, and "The Atom Doctor," by Eric Linklater, while this year's great Scottish classic is to be the Rev. John Home's "Douglas." These are but a few of the items in the programme to be presented in the Scottish capital from August 20 to September 9, which is again to be honoured by a visit from the Queen from September 4-6, during which she will hear "Ariadne aux Naxos" and Verdi's "Requiem" and see "The Atom Doctor."

FROM A DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



HISTORICAL PAGEANTRY OF EDINBURGH: UNIFORMS OF OFFICIALS WHO WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE OPENING SERVICE OF THE FESTIVAL AT ST. GILES' ON AUGUST 20. (1) A MEMBER OF THE KING'S BODYGUARD FOR SCOTLAND, THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS. (2) LORD LYON KING OF ARMS, WITH (LEFT) ALBANY HERALD AND (RIGHT) CARRICK PURSUIVANT. (3) HOLYROOD HIGH CONSTABLES, AND (4) STATE TRUMPETERS.

ONCE again, for the fourth year in succession, the beautiful Scottish capital, Edinburgh (grey city which combines somewhat grim and frowning Mediaeval romance with spacious nineteenth-century planning in the architectural aspects of its streets and wynds, its squares and terraces), will, for three weeks from August 20, become the Western world's dramatic and musical centre for a three-weeks International Festival. In accordance with the tradition already established, the Festival, which continues until September 9, will open to-morrow, Sunday, August 20, with a Service of Praise and Thanksgiving in St. Giles' Cathedral Church. This is a beautiful and colourful service, which high officials of Church and State and members of various ancient and historic bodies attend in their picturesque robes or uniforms, and it is followed by a parade down the Royal Mile which leads to the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, has depicted some of these uniforms which form part of the

HISTORIC BUILDINGS AND ANCIENT SPLENDOUR OF EDINBURGH: ASPECTS OF THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL, WHERE THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL



THE RUINS OF HOLYROOD ABBEY, BUILT BY DAVID I., TRADITION SAYS, IN GRATITUDE FOR ESCAPE FROM DANGER WHEN HUNTING, AND DEDICATED TO THE HOLY ROOD, THE VIRGIN AND ALL SAINTS; CHAPEL ROYAL, PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE.

historic fabric of life in the Scottish capital, and has also made a drawing of the interior of St. Giles' and other views of Edinburgh, which we reproduce on these pages. The history of St. Giles' Cathedral Church is an eventful one. The exact date of its foundation is unknown, but from the earliest times a church stood near or on the spot. Alexander I. is said to have

built the edifice, which so nearly suffered complete destruction in 1385 when Richard Coeur de Lion invaded Scotland and burned Edinburgh. After two years the work of rebuilding started and in 1466 James III. made the church collegiate. In later years the edifice suffered great indignity, as it was divided up into four- and then three churches- and parts of it were used

OF MUSIC AND DRAMA IS DUE TO OPEN ON AUGUST 20th, WITH A SERVICE OF PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. GILES' FROM DRAWINGS MADE BY OUR SPECIAL



SCENE OF THE OPENING SERVICE OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: ST. GILES' ARE LAID UP. IT IS A FINE GOTHIC EDIFICE 205 FT. LONG

AND 120 FEET IN BREADTH ACROSS THE TRANSEPT.

FROM DRAWINGS MADE BY OUR SPECIAL



BUILT IN 1832 BY TELFORD: THE DRAMATIC DEAN BRIDGE, WHICH SPANS THE WATER OF LEITH, A STREAM RUNNING BETWEEN THE WOODED SLOPES OF THE MORAY PLACE AND ETON TERRACE GARDENS.

for secular and profane purposes, such as a school, a court of justice, a weavers' workshop and a prison; and eventually the dark central space under the spire with the North Transept was fitted up as a police office. In 1837 a riot was caused when a tail-woman, Jenny Geddes, hung her stool at Dean Hanny as a protest against the compulsory reading of the English Church

Service in St. Giles', an event which is commemorated by a tablet. After the Restoration of Charles II, the church was once more made a cathedral. It was restored with ruthless lack of judgment in 1822 and in 1871, after the removal of the police office, restoration of the choir was begun, and largely through the help of Sir William Chambers, alterations which included the



HISTORICAL PAGEANTRY OF EDINBURGH: ROBES OF OFFICIALS OF CHURCH AND STATE WHO WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE OPENING SERVICE OF THE FESTIVAL AT ST. GILES'. (1) THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY; (2) THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH; (3) THE MODERATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND; AND (4) THE LORD JUSTICE-GENERAL OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.

removal of two of the churches were completed and the building was reopened in 1883, from end to end as one grand church, nearly cruciform in shape (as it was before the time of Knox). A drawing of its exterior, showing the lovely spire or "Crown of St. Giles," appears on the preceding pages. Little remains of the ancient Abbey of the Holy Rood, which is said to have been built by David I. to commemorate his miraculous escape when out hunting. A stag charged him, but he found himself to be holding a piece of the Holy Rood in his hand; and this quelled the animal's fury. The Dean Bridge which spans the valley of the Water of Leith is one of the finest works of Telford and was built in 1832. It is 447 ft. long and 106 ft. high, and consists of four arches, each 96 ft. in span. The brawling stream of Leith Water runs far beneath it, and pleasant gardens lie on either side of the burn, forming agreeable walks for the citizens of Edinburgh.

OF MUSIC AND DRAMA IS DUE TO OPEN ON AUGUST 20th, WITH A SERVICE OF PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. GILES' ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE PROUD AND GRACEFUL CITY WHICH FRAMES A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, EDINBURGH, LOOKING TOWARDS WAVERLEY STATION WITH THE CASTLE ON THE RIGHT.

Edinburgh, the Scottish capital in which for the next three weeks, from August 20 until September 9, many of the greatest musicians, actors and dancers in the Western world will be assembled, is indeed a lovely setting for a great International Festival of Music and Drama. Our Special Artist made this fine panoramic drawing of the city from the Caledonian Hotel, looking towards Waverley Station, along the railway which runs through a gorge dividing the Old Town from the New Town, whose slopes are clothed with trees and bordered by well-kept, well-laid-out gardens. The classical buildings

of the Scottish National Galleries ride astride the railway on the Mound which leads up to the Old Town, and in the right foreground towers the rock crowned by the famous Castle. The church in the centre foreground is St. Andrew's Church, and the buildings on the skyline include (extreme left) St. Andrew's Church. The noble length of Princess Street, famous shopping thoroughfare bordered on one side with gardens, may be described on the left. The spire of the Walter Scott Memorial is seen to the left of St. Andrew's spire, and on the right of the church, in the distance, are Calton Hill and the

FROM A DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

Nelson Monument, while far away gleams the water of the Firth of Forth. Visitors to the Festival this year can enjoy hearing such distinguished vocalists as Elizabeth Schwartzkopf, Victoria de Los Angeles, Peter Pears and Jennie Tourel, who are all giving recitals; while the celebrated Griller String Quartet, the Budapest String Quartet and the Quintette à Vent de l'Orchestre National, with Jean Françaix, are also giving concerts. The Ballet Theatre Incorporated, New York, and the Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo are appearing, and the Old Vic Theatre Company's production of Ben Jonson's

"Bartholomew Fair" should be of remarkable interest. It is, however, impossible to list any but a few of the large number of attractions, but it may be added that the Rembrandt Loan Exhibition, arranged jointly by the Festival Society and the Arts Council of Great Britain, will be of exceptional importance. The works on view include four graciously lent by His Majesty the King. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Andrew Murray, has played a big part in ensuring the success of the Edinburgh Festivals, and it is due to him that outdoor pageantry, now featured in the opening ceremony, has been introduced.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FOR THE CONNOISSEUR AND GENERAL NATURALIST.

THE number of books devoted to natural history has increased alarmingly in recent years—alarmingly only so far as the pocket is concerned. On every other count the increase is to be highly commended. The aim of these many books is diverse and the standard of attainment variable. There are some which no naturalist wishes to be without. Such, for example, is the "New Naturalist" Series, together with the Monographs, and with them can be linked

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

general biological features of to-day. This is followed by a general survey of the present-day flora and fauna, in which is given a brief account of each subdivision of the plant and animal kingdoms and of the species by which they are represented in Ireland. The book is a well-documented reference work, with a detailed index and comprehensive bibliography.

all we may want, but it is lucid and its exposition is neat. Its illustrations are good and numerous, and it is just the book for "finding your way around" the class Insecta.

The fifth in the commendable "In Britain" Series is by Oliver G. Pike, and bears the comprehensive title "Wild Animals in Britain" (Macmillan; 18s.). It includes accounts of our mammals, reptiles and amphibians by one who is already well known as a writer on and photographer of wild life. Mr. Pike is at his best in the anecdotal portions of his text, and his personal reminiscences and opinions make attractive reading. His biological notes, that is, those portions of the text that should assist observation in the field, are, however, of varying quality. In addition, his information is not always up-to-date. In writing of the mole, to take but one example, we have the author's opinion that moles can see; and this is followed by a long quotation from Miss Frances Pitt ending with the words: "As organs of ordinary sight they (the eyes) have long ceased to function." Then there are useful notes on hours of feeding and methods for detecting the movement of moles underground, but there are no factual data about rates of feeding, or quantities of food taken, nor any analysis of the high rate of metabolism with which these are linked. Moreover, the only mention of the method of storing worms shows clearly that the author is unacquainted with the investigations, made some fifteen years ago, which fully established that they do store them. Again, a doubt is cast on the beneficial work of a mole because it destroys earthworms, and "the earthworm is one of man's greatest friends"? There are some twenty species in this country, and recent research has thrown doubt on the beneficial nature of the work performed by all species (*i.e.*, as composters or in aerating the soil). And is it not that modern research gives the predator full marks for maintaining the vitality of the species on which it preys? And may not our persecution of the mole have, in fact, reduced the populations of earthworms, anyway? It may be objected that, as Mr. Pike says in his preface, he is writing for the novice. If so, then why include dental formulæ, which are formidable to look at and will not help the novice at all?

"The Spider," by John Crompton (Collins; 8s. 6d.), shows its author to be in a class by himself (but not in a class with Jefferies and Gilbert White, as suggested on the dust-jacket). It is a potpourri of the observations on spiders by some of our ablest observers, put together



KNOWN AS A REGULAR VISITOR TO THE SHINGLY FORESHORES OF THE ISLE OF GRAIN, THE NORTH-EASTERN CORNER OF THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY AND BETWEEN SEASALTER AND SWALECLIFFE SINCE THE EARLY 'THIRTIES: A SANDERLING AT A FAVOURITE HAUNT—SHELLNESS.

Reproduced from "The Birds of the North Kent Marshes"; by courtesy of the Publishers, Collins.

others by the same publishers: R. S. Fitter's "London's Birds," Colonel B. H. Ryves' "Bird Life in Cornwall," and now "The Birds of the North Kent Marshes," by E. H. Gillham and R. C. Homes (Collins; 12s. 6d.). These have a similar style and treatment, and all three cater for the naturalist-connoisseur. These are not books to be read like a novel; each contains reading matter and reference material for many years. The latest of these deals with an area for which there is a scanty literature, the Thames Estuary, and has a special interest for the Londoner ornithologist. The first part, about one-fifth of the book, deals with background information: a description of the marshes, illustrated with photographs taken from the air and from the ground; a history of the marshes; and ecological and biological notes. Then follows a survey of the avifauna, in systematic order, and here again the authors do not merely content themselves with notes on the present day, but summarise the history of each species in so far as it relates to these particular marshes. The reader is left in no doubt on one point, that the authors know their subject and have presented it in a most thorough and painstaking manner.

"Natural History of Ireland," by Dr. Robert Lloyd Praeger (Collins; 25s.), is bound to be of greater interest to those living in that island than to the naturalists of neighbouring Britain. At the same time, this excellent book is a reminder that the flora and fauna of Ireland are not the same as those of Britain, and that they contain features that are peculiar and of exceptional interest. There are, for example, some animals and plants found in Britain and not found in Ireland, and, conversely, there are those living in Ireland and not in Britain. The reasons for this are to be found in the early histories of the two islands, particularly during and since the Ice Age. The story is not so clear-cut as all this, for there are species peculiar to Ireland as well. And while both flora and fauna show a strong affinity with those of the Iberian peninsula and the Mediterranean region, there is also evidence of immigration from Britain, especially from the Cornish peninsula, Wales and South-West Scotland. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that no comprehensive work on the natural history of Ireland has been produced for a century. The present book represents, therefore, more of a spring-board for future investigation than a final account of work accomplished.

Dr. Praeger devotes the first part of his book to a discussion of these historical problems and of the

The general naturalist is apt to feel that the task of identifying the insects he may meet casually is hopeless. He will get to know some of the commoner, and especially the larger and more familiar species, tolerably well, but he sometimes needs to go further than this—and there are more than 20,000 different kinds of insects in Britain alone. To get an overall picture of their classification and habits, and as a



AN ANNUAL WINTER VISITOR TO THE TIDAL WATERS OF THE KENT COAST, THOUGH HARDLY EVER SEEN IN LARGE PARTIES: THE SCAUPDUCK—A STUDY OF THREE IMMATURE BIRDS.

Reproduced from "The Birds of the North Kent Marshes"; by courtesy of the Publishers, Collins.

help in their identification, he will welcome B. D. Moreton's "Guide to British Insects" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). This starts off with a list of the twenty-three orders of insects, followed by notes on the structure and life-history and general method of identification, introducing and explaining the necessary technical terms. Then follows a detailed key to identification. Use alone will show whether the key will work; such keys often do not. Finally, each order is dealt with in detail. Clearly, such a book cannot give us

in a racy and readable style, by an author whose knowledge of natural history is sufficiently slight that he can still see the wonderment in it all, though he sometimes sees it in the wrong places. Mr. Crompton has unusual powers for descriptive writing and for lucid analogy which will appeal to the purely lay reader, but to the discriminating there is an evident lack of balance in his approach to the subject, and in places a confusion of fact with fanciful hypothesis. In places he talks just plain nonsense.

NEW LIGHT ON HUMAN ORIGINS: APE-MAN DISCOVERIES IN TRANSVAAL.

Since the discovery in 1925 by Professor Raymond Dart of the celebrated Taungs skull and the subsequent discoveries by Dr. Robert Broom and his assistant, Mr. J. T. Robinson, of increasing numbers of fossil ape-man skulls in the Transvaal, it has become increasingly probable that the cradle of mankind is to be found in Africa. We have reported many stages of this research in various issues (September 19, 1926, August 20, 1938, May 17, 1947, and December 25, 1948) and on September 10, 1949, we published a brief article by Dr. Broom and Mr. Robinson concerning their discovery of the most interesting ape-man type yet discovered, Swartkrans ape-man (*Paranthropus crassidens*). Since that article appeared they have made many more discoveries concerning this type, which Dr. Broom, F.R.S., summarises as follows:

[Continued on right, centre.



FIG. 1. AN APE-MAN WHICH MAY HAVE TALKED: THE SWARTKRANS APE-MAN (*PARANTHROPUS CRASSIDENS*), A FOSSIL FEMALE SKULL. NOTE THE BONY CREST.



FIG. 3. THE LOWER JAW OF A MALE SWARTKRANS APE-MAN. THE INCISORS AND CANINE ARE PRACTICALLY HUMAN, THE MOLARS AND PRE-MOLARS, HOWEVER, HUMAN BUT EXTREMELY LARGE, NECESSITATING IMMENSE TEMPORAL MUSCLES.

[Continued.]

nearly human, and almost human teeth, but their brains were only about half the size of those of Bushmen. In 1938 we found another type with a larger brain that we called the Kromdraai ape-man. But in 1948 we discovered a jaw of a still larger ape-man, which we called the Swartkrans ape-man; and during 1949 and 1950 we have been making new discoveries every few weeks. We have now many skulls—two almost complete, three perfect lower jaws, a complete but somewhat crushed skull of a child and two child jaws. We have imperfect skulls and jaws of half-a-dozen other individuals and about 300 teeth. We have also a number of good bones of the skeleton, including a fine pelvis (Fig. 2). This Swartkrans ape-man was described on the teeth as *Paranthropus crassidens*. The discovery of good skulls has shown that it differs markedly from the Sterkfontein ape-man. The front teeth are typically human, and even the eye-teeth are not larger than in man, but the pre-molar and molar



FIG. 2. EVIDENCE THAT SWARTKRANS APE-MAN WALKED MORE OR LESS ERECT: A PELVIC BONE WITH ILIUM PRACTICALLY HUMAN, ISCHIIUM MORE APE-LIKE.

[Continued.]

IN 1925 Dart described the Taungs child skull, and by revealing the evidence of a being that was nearly human, but with a small brain, opened up a new field in anthropology. In 1936 we discovered at Sterkfontein, in the Transvaal, an adult skull of a being allied to the Taungs child. Since then we have found many skulls, one of them perfect, and many other bones of this ape-man, which was named *Plesianthropus transvaalensis*. The best skull is that of a female, and we called her "Mrs. Ples." We now know these ape-men very satisfactorily. They were probably little beings that stood about 5 ft. high and ran about on their hind feet and used their hands for the manipulation of weapons and tools. They had faces that were

[Continued below.



FIG. 4. THE FEMALE SWARTKRANS APE-MAN (FIG. 1) SEEN FROM IN FRONT. THE BONES ARE A LITTLE CRUSHED AND DISPLACED. THE TEMPORAL MUSCLES MEET ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD, LIKE THE GORILLA'S.

teeth, though human in type, are very much larger than in modern man. The face is large and very flat and there are permanent ridges over the eyes and above the nose, but in the females these are rather thin (Figs. 1, 3, 4). We have four brain cases, but all a little crushed. Still, these are quite sufficient to show that the brain was large. In modern man the brain usually varies from 1300 to 1450 cc., but it may be as low as 900 cc. or, very rarely, as high as 2000 cc. In the early Java man the brain varied from 750 cc. to 900 cc. Though in "Mrs. Ples" the brain was

[Continued opposite.

THE MOST HUMAN OF "MISSING LINKS": THE APE-MAN BROUGHT TO LIFE.



FIG. 5. AN APE-MAN OF A MILLION YEARS AGO, WHO WALKED ERECT, HAD A BRAIN OF ALMOST HUMAN SIZE AND MAY HAVE TALKED: A VIVID RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SWARTKRANS APE-MAN, IN WHICH VIRTUALLY ONLY THE HAIR AND SKIN QUALITY ARE CONJECTURAL.

Continued.

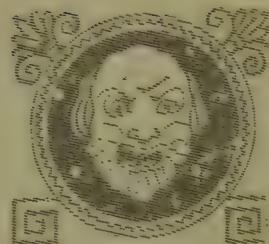
only about 500 cc., the brain in even the female Swartkrans ape-man is estimated to have been over 900 cc., and thus human at least in size. The external ear region is typically human, and so is the articulation for the lower jaw. The front of the lower jaw has in some female specimens quite a distinct human chin. It is held by some that the chin has developed with speech. If this is so, our ape-man must be practically human. There is, however, one character that is definitely pre-human. The jaws have been very massive, and the temporal muscles that closed the jaws were very powerful, and while in man they only pass up about half-way on the side of the head, in our Swartkrans being they passed right up to the top of the skull, and between them at the top was a well-developed median bony crest, such as is usually seen in gorillas. This character is, often found in baboons and some other Old World monkeys (Figs. 1, 3 and 5). Of course, though our ape-man has this gorilla character, it is not at all closely allied to this large anthropoid ape. It has a brain twice as large, practically human teeth and a pelvis that showed that it

walked more or less erect (Figs. 2 and 5). Our discoveries reveal that in South Africa there once lived different races of large Primates that walked on their hind feet and made and used tools and weapons, and that perhaps had speech. Some were small-brained forms with brains from perhaps 500 to 650 cc., while other tribes or forms had brains of 750 cc. to possibly over 1000 cc., and thus brains as large as in many men. Our tribe or race which lived in the Northern Transvaal had possibly brains even larger than the Swartkrans ape-man. We cannot yet say for certain when these beings, that were very nearly man, lived—possibly about a million years ago, but perhaps even earlier. And we cannot yet say whether modern man evolved from a member of this ape-man family, and it seems likely that within ten years we shall know every step in at least his later evolution. [Reconstruction specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Neave Parker, with expert advice.]



The World of the Cinema.

FACT AND FICTION.



IT seems odd that no one earlier than Byron seems to have enunciated the almost proverbial truism that truth can be stranger than fiction. Horace said it first, I daresay—somewhere, I hazard and almost seem to remember, in "De Arte Poetica." But none of the usual quotation-dictionaries takes me any further back than "Don Juan," fourteenth canto:

"'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction."

Two of the most interesting new films give an admirable illustration of the proverb in practice. The story of "The Wooden Horse"—the film made from



"MR. ERIC WILLIAMS' THRILLING AND JUSTLY CELEBRATED ESCAPE-STORY OF THE LAST WAR MADE INTO A FILM": "THE WOODEN HORSE," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH PETER (LEO GENN) AND JOHN (ANTHONY STEEL) ARE HELD INTO THE "HORSE" BEFORE ITS FIRST TRIP TO THE DIGGING SITE. "The Wooden Horse" (a Wessex Film Production) brings to the screen one of the most exciting escape stories ever written and Mr. Dent says "the most fantastic story that old master [W. Somerset Maugham] can spin will never seem so fantastic as the actuality about those English prisoners—daily, laboriously, and for months on end—digging a passage-way to freedom under the cover of a vaulting-horse . . . the film is full of excitement and tension."

Mr. Eric Williams' thrilling and justly celebrated escape-story of the last war—is very much stranger, unlikelier, and farther-fetched than any of the three magazine-stories that make up Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Trio." (One does not, incidentally, use the term "magazine story" at all slightly. Mr. Maugham himself has a very just and pertinent reminder in the preface to one of his collections: "These stories have all been published in magazines. I know that in admitting this I lay myself open to critical depreciation, for to describe a story as a magazine story is to dismiss it with contumely. But when the critics do this they show less acumen



ONE OF THE "FILMABLE TALES OF THIS EMINENTLY FILMABLE MASTER": "THE VERGER" FROM ANTHONY DARNBOROUGH'S PRODUCTION "TRIO," WHICH BRINGS THREE MORE OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S STORIES TO THE SCREEN. A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING THE LONDON CHURCH-VERGER (JAMES HAYTER—RIGHT) BEING SACKED, AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS' GOOD SERVICE, FOR BEING ILLITERATE.

than may reasonably be expected of them. Nor do they show much knowledge of literary history. For ever since magazines became a popular form of publication authors have found them a useful medium. . . . All the greatest short-story writers have published their stories in magazines, Balzac, Flaubert and Maupassant; Chekov, Henry James, Rudyard Kipling." And so has Mr. Maugham.)

The more immediate point is that at the showing of "The Wooden Horse" the filmgoers around me (including myself) were as excited and agog as ten-year-old schoolboys following Allan Quatermain, Sir Henry Curtis and Captain John Good, R.N., into darkest and Haggardest and improbable Africa. Whereas at the showing of "Trio" the filmgoers around me (including myself) were "all set" to hear three more or less subtle pieces of fiction polished to look like veracious

By ALAN DENT.

and actual happenings. Very pleasantly "all set," too, for there before each story was Mr. Maugham photographed in person—just as he was in "Quartet"—bland and a shade world-weary in his study, gazing away from the Mediterranean to look for a moment at us, murmuring a word or two about each tale as it came, and at one moment unbending far enough from his august and all-but-Oriental composure to refer to himself as "this old party!" But never was any party less of a bore.

The present three stories are "The Verger" and "Mr. Knowall," both from the volume of "very short stories" called "Cosmopolitans," and "Sanatorium," an Ashenden story which finds itself in the very recent collection called "Creatures of Circumstance." One is an anecdote about a London church-verger who, after seventeen years' good service, is sacked by his parson for being illiterate, buys a little tobacco-shop, develops it into a chain-store, and finally revenges himself on the parson in a kind of eleemosynary way, just after a christening in his family. James Hayter brings that curious "healing power" or twinkling benignancy of his to animate the verger.

Another concerns a monstrous Life of the Party on a luxury-liner, an unshuggable and un-rebuffable jewel-expert—and, indeed, life-expert—called Mr. Kelada. An interrupter, an improver, a suggester, an arranger, Mr. Kelada is hated by everybody aboard before the liner has reached deep water; and when he is told to his face that he has been renamed Mr. Knowall, his innumerable teeth shine and his irritating spectacles flash with his uproarious laughter. The occasion of the story is an odd twinge of tact whereby this character, through an adept and untrue admission that he has been wrong about the authenticity of a pearl-necklace, saves a reunited married couple from a lifetime of misery and doubt. But the story is not really more than a single brilliant character-sketch, and the actor chosen, Nigel Patrick, fulfils the sketch dazzlingly and almost alarmingly well.

The third story is a naturally somewhat morose study of life in a Scottish sanatorium in which Finlay Currie and John Laurie are funny in a ghoulish way as the two oldest inhabitants who "get on one another's nerves," and Raymond Huntley and Betty Ann Davies are tragical as a sick man (who feels his plight is undeserved) and as his visiting wife, who aches vainly to comfort him. We also have Jean Simmons, pretty and touching, as a girl who decides to marry a rake, and Roland Culver as the bored but philosophic Ashenden, whom he makes quite delightfully resemble a younger Mr. Maugham.

Good critics have suggested that "Trio," like "Quartet," is passable entertainment rather than a work of art—that it consists of widely different stories with nothing whatever in common except a common author. But the latter link seems to me a very considerable link, the author being so considerable. We might, it is true, have greater homogeneity if, say, five of the stories with a Malayan background were united in a film called "Malaya Quintet." Or we might even have Mr. Maugham in stay-at-home mood six times over and find the result called "Middlesexet." But, the rich quarry being what it is, I see no crying need for such schemes. I look forward just as much to a quite arbitrary "Second Trio" and "Second Quartet," and so on to the end of the filmable tales of this eminently filmable master.

But the most fantastic story that old master can spin will never seem so fantastic as the actuality about those English prisoners—daily, laboriously, and for months on end—digging a passage-way to freedom under the cover of a vaulting-horse which, in the German view, only English prisoners would be mad enough to find stimulating or worth setting in position day after weary day. "The Wooden Horse" is full of excitement and tension. I fail to understand people who murmur that the ending is



AN ACTOR WHO FULFILLS A SINGLE BRILLIANT CHARACTER-SKETCH "DAZZLINGLY AND ALMOST ALARMINGLY WELL": NIGEL PATRICK (RIGHT) AS MR. KNOWALL IN "TRIO" PROVES HIS BRITISH NATIONALITY TO MR. RAMSAY (NAUNTON WAYNE), A FELLOW-PASSENGER, BY FLASHING HIS PASSPORT AT HIM. One of the most interesting new films, "Trio" (J. Arthur Rank) consists of three of W. Somerset Maugham's short stories which are all introduced by Mr. Maugham photographed in person—as he was in "Quartet." The present three stories are "The Verger," "Mr. Knowall" and "Sanatorium."

anti-climax. The ultimate and amazing escape can only be called anti-climax in the sense that a holiday is anti-climax after a spell of very hard work. The film is a great credit to its writer, Ian Dalrymple, its director, Jack Lee, and the capital cast that is headed by Leo Genn and Anthony Steel. These two act as though they were first-class English cricketers—and are watched by the German warders as though they were engaged in that same weird and inexplicable concentration. There is very little music excepting an inspired snatch (heard over the radio) of the "Scene by the Brook" in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. This, in the circumstances, tells us more of pent-up heartache than could a wilderness of words.

THE FLOODS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.



THE FLOODS IN NEW SOUTH WALES: THE MAIN STREET OF A TOWN UNDER WATER.



AN INLAND SEA WITH ROOFTOPS AS ISLANDS: A VIEW OF THE AUSTRALIAN FLOODS.



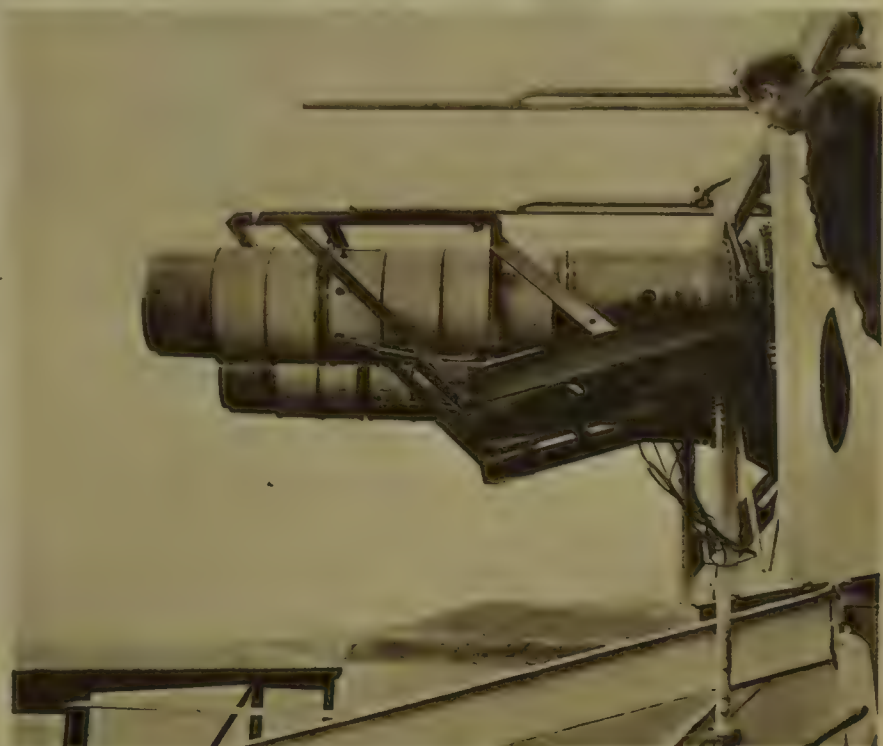
WHEN THE WATERS RECEDE: A BADLY-DAMAGED HOUSE IN THE FLOODED AREA OF NEW SOUTH WALES WHERE THOUSANDS ARE NOW HOMELESS.

On June 25 it was reported that 10,000 people were homeless in Northern New South Wales, Australia, as the result of flooding following heavy rains. Hundreds of square miles of farmland were inundated and the towns of Kempsey, Maitland and Grafton were invaded by the flood waters. On July 28 over 6000 sheep were drowned when the Gwydir River burst its banks, bringing the total estimated loss of sheep up to 200,000. On August 7 the floods were reported to be subsiding, although in the north-west of the State the average depth of water was 5 ft. and cattle were stranded and starving on small islands in the 24,000 acres of inundated land.

Photographs by courtesy of Gaumont British Newsreel and Cine Sound, Australia.

THE FIRST JET-PROPELLED SHIP.

On August 9 the first jet-propelled ship made its maiden voyage on the Clyde. She is the sixty-two-years-old former passenger paddle-steamer *Lucy Ashton*, which has been fitted with four Rolls-Royce Derwent jet engines mounted in pairs on either side of the hull amidships. The ship is to be used in a series of experiments in the use of marine jet propulsion to measure hull resistance and to gain information about the form, design and powering of future ships. Up to now ship-designers have based their calculations on theory and the results of tests with models in large tanks. A sound-proof cabin is provided for the crew and scientific staff.

JET-PROPELLED AFTER SIXTY-TWO YEARS AS A PASSENGER PADDLE-STEAMER: THE 224-TON *LUCY ASHTON* CRUISING ROUND GOUROCK BAY ON A TEST RUN.SHOWING THE FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE *DERWENT* JET ENGINES AND THE SOUND-PROOF CABIN FOR THE CREW: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE *LUCY ASHTON*.MOUNTED ON THE HULL AMIDSHIPS: THE JET ENGINES WHICH HAVE GIVEN THE OLD *LUCY ASHTON* THE HONOUR OF BEING THE FIRST JET-PROPELLED SHIP.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BIRDS IN PORCELAIN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

goes on the Grand Tour as befits his station in life, and in 1769 visits Meissen. He writes to his mother :

The manufacture is carried out in an old castle belonging to the Elector of Saxony, where there are upwards of 700 workmen and women employed. We went through most of the different branches. The preparing of the clay, the polishing and the baking they let nobody see ; but I saw the painters and the moulding part of it, which

notion of the lively naturalism which is the mark of these brilliant models—movement and attitude are exceedingly well observed, while the colours are as gay as one could wish. The parrot, for example, in Fig. 1, has eyes with a yellow iris, the wing feathers black, and the tail that splendid iron red which is characteristic of the work of the factory at this time (1741). The jay next to it is one of a pair—grey

CAGE-BIRDS are not for me, no, not the cheerful inconsequence of budgerigars, nor the pawky music-hall wisdom of parrots, which is, no doubt, why in the distant past I would cross Piccadilly to pass by that curtained window of the Burdett-Coutts house, wherein balanced regally a gallant Meissen cockatoo, surveying the passers-by and never answering back—that same elegant fowl, or its near relation, which, to-day, presides with elegant aloofness over a shop window in Bruton Street. Thence to the variegated ducks and the cormorant, black and very, very thoughtful in St. James's Park, not forgetting the pelicans. As if anyone *could* forget the pelicans ! By such small delights, by the pleasures derived from the inanimate and the animate, would the hum-drum workaday world be transformed, and of all this, and more, was I thinking when I read that somebody had paid as much as £1350 only two months ago for a porcelain vulture. It was, to be sure, a very rare and remarkable piece, modelled by J. J. Kaendler at the great factory at Meissen in the 1730's, and well worth the money, provided one is not allergic to vultures. It was, and is, the very devil of a vulture, superbly modelled, and could still give me nightmares if I allowed myself to think of it overmuch. It formed part of Lord Hastings' important collection of Meissen birds, which were sold at Sotheby's in June, the majority of them by the same distinguished hand ; its companions were less formidable and wholly charming. I suppose these early Meissen figures are the most famous and distinguished of all the porcelain birds manufactured in Europe during the eighteenth century, though some of us may prefer the delightful little canaries, bullfinches and what not that were fashionable in the early days of Chelsea—a trifle less pretentious, we may think, and owing something to the quality of the soft-paste porcelain of which they were made—owing something also to their small size. Unless one lives in a palace, a bird made of porcelain which is 2 or even 3 ft. in height, seems rather out of scale ; the material does not, I suggest, lend itself satisfactorily to models of such large dimensions. This consideration though—if it is anything more than personal prejudice—was of no consequence when these creatures were originally made, for they were intended, we are told, for the furnishing of the so-called Japanese Palace in Dresden for Augustus the Strong, and many of them were inspired by oriental pieces already in that great and masterful patron's



FIG. 1. (L. to R.) A PARROT (8-ins.), A JAY (10-ins.; one of a pair), AND A KINGFISHER (8½ ins.); THREE FINE MEISSEN PORCELAIN FIGURES OF BIRDS BY JOHANN JOACHIM KAENDLER.

The models of the parrot and the jay in this photograph both date from 1741. The jay is one of a pair with unusual grey plumage, with crests and black, yellow, red and white primaries, secondaries and tail tips. The kingfisher has carefully drawn blue and green plumage and brownish-red breast, and is perched on a tall rock-work base.

is curious. Think of the China cups and saucers, etc., which you see, must go thro' four or five different hands before it is finished. I was much surprised at finding many girls painting. I afterwards was in the warehouse, where to be sure I saw most beautiful china ; and must say, had I been rich, I should have had great pleasure in regaling you with a specimen of their manufacture. To be sure, it is immensely dear. . . .

It is noteworthy, and by no means surprising, that even at this comparatively late period, when a vast fund of practical knowledge had for long been

plumage and black, yellow, red and white primaries, secondaries and tail tips—the right wing is damaged. The kingfisher in the same photograph is not perhaps quite so successful a model in the eyes of a naturalist—that flashing, shimmering streak is an immensely difficult subject—but Kaendler has seized upon its essentials well enough and has given it blue and green plumage and a brownish-red breast. Another pair of jays appear in Figs. 2 and 3. The description puzzled me at first, for jays, to me, are invariably crested. I have just been reminded that they can raise or lower their crests at will.

One is about to eat a caterpillar on the tree-trunk base. I have mentioned the vulture ; there are also in this series a pair of eagles (Augustus already owned Japanese porcelain eagles), a woodpecker, other parrots, and jays, a pair of partridges, and so forth, and—rather surprisingly among all this wild life—two pairs of guinea fowls (I presume these birds were domesticated by the eighteenth century ?). Here is one of them (Fig. 4), looking foolish as guinea fowls do look foolish, with red comb and wattles, black spotted body and grey and purple neck. After all this, perhaps it would be as well to allow two Chinese cranes to be mentioned in connection with this European array as a reminder that, however admirable the products of Meissen and of some other eighteenth-century factories in these lively studies of bird life, the Chinese were there first and had already set a standard for the West to follow. I am thinking of two cranes from the reign of K'ang Hsi (1662-1722) which have coral red crests, brown beaks and feathers, with blue, dark green and black markings, and, as is normal in all Chinese transcriptions from nature—if I may manufacture a clumsy word in connection with so elegant a creature—convey the inherent *craneness* of the subject with astonishing fidelity. I wrote last week about the delightful collection of model horses in various materials which the executors of the late Mr. Seton Murray Thomson have presented to the Glasgow Gallery. It occurs to me that in porcelain alone bird-lovers, no less than horse-fanciers, have an enormous field at their disposal from both East and West. Nor need they necessarily confine their activities to the very rare and decidedly costly examples which appear on this page. In this kind of innocuous sport the odd fiver, allied with persistence, can often capture a notable specimen which makes no noise, requires no attention and is a joy for ever . . . even a vulture if your taste lies in that direction.

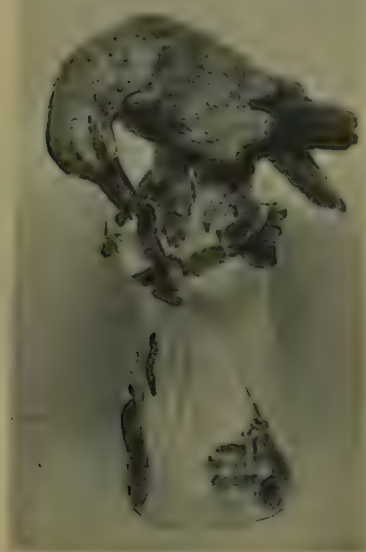


FIG. 2. A JAY, BY J. J. KAENDLER (13 ins.; one of a pair).

The Meissen figure of a jay in this photograph is a pair with that in Fig. 3. It is about to eat a caterpillar and has brilliant green, brown, blue and turquoise plumage.



FIG. 3. A JAY, BY J. J. KAENDLER (13 ins.; one of a pair).

The Meissen figure of a jay which we illustrate is a pair with that in Fig. 2. It is perched with wings half outspread on a tall tree-trunk base.



FIG. 4. A GUINEA FOWL, BY J. J. KAENDLER (6½ ins.; one of a pair).

The Meissen figure of a guinea fowl which we illustrate is one of a pair, with red comb and wattles, black spotted body and grey and purple necks.

The Photographs on this page are reproduced by Courtesy of Sotheby's.

possession. The influence which this commercially prosperous and artistically distinguished establishment exercised over all the potters of Europe requires no emphasis, but I came across a reference to it recently which seems to be worth quoting, and which I have not seen elsewhere. It is from Mr. Brian Fitzgerald's excellently documented book about his ancestress "Emily Duchess of Leinster." Her son, William, Marquis of Kildare,

at the disposal of European potters, the old tradition of secrecy was still strong, and visitors were kept away from the preparatory processes—particularly the mixing of the material and what the Marquis calls "the baking," the point being, I presume, that it would be rash to allow the curious to obtain an insight into kiln design, with all that might mean to possible competitors. The illustrations provide an adequate

THE "FOLK ART" OF ENGLAND: SPORTING PICTURES LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT NORWICH.



"WILLIAM III. STAG HUNTING"; BY JOHN WOOTTON (c. 1686-1765), ON VIEW AT THE CURRENT LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE NORWICH CASTLE MUSEUM. (50 ins. by 59½ ins. Lent by Brig. W. E. Carr.)



"HAWKING PARTY"; BY JAN VAN WIJCK OR JOHN WYCK (1640-1702), BORN IN HOLLAND, BUT RESIDENT IN ENGLAND. (36 ins. by 64½ ins. Lent by the Ipswich Museums Committee.)

A LOAN Exhibition of Sporting Pictures and Prints from Norfolk and Suffolk Houses is now in progress at the Norwich Castle Museum, and will continue until October 1. We reproduce a selection of the works on view, including a very attractive equestrian portrait of the redoubtable Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in a white habit, on a prancing, spirited horse in a landscape; and a portrait of a dog in a landscape by Gainsborough which is inscribed

(Continued on right.)



"HUNSMEN AND HOUNDS"; A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827), CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS LIVELY AND BRILLIANT STYLE, SIGNED AND DATED 1816. (Lent by Lord Somerleyton. D.L.)



"TWO POINTERS"; BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806), THE MOST FAMOUS OF BRITISH SPORTING PAINTERS. (Signed. 20½ ins. by 29½ ins. Lent by Mrs. Leader.)

(Continued.)

on the back of the canvas "Thos. Gainsborough Pinxit Anno 1745." "Bumper, a most Remarkable Sagacious Cur." In the foreword to the catalogue Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, who helped the curator, Miss G. V. Barnard, to plan the exhibition, writes: "Sporting pictures, more especially the prints made from them, are so much the 'folk art' of England, that our eighteenth-century sporting artists have been taken for granted and their genius ignored for a long time," and she continues by pointing out that the decorative skill of artists like Wootton "passed unnoticed in art circles in London and Paris

(Continued below.)



"GEORGE KEPPEL, 3RD EARL OF ALBEMARLE, AND HIS SON"; BY SAWREY GILPIN, R.A. (1733-1807). (66 ins. by 59 ins. Lent by the Earl of Albemarle, M.C.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH DOG"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). (13½ ins. by 11½ ins. Lent by Lieut.-Col. Sir Edmund Bacon, Bt.)



"SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH"; BY JOHN WOOTTON (c. 1686-1765). (48½ ins. by 39½ ins. Lent by Lord Rothschild, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

until recent years, but American collectors and dealers soon realised their worth." However, the country houses of England still contain many excellent examples of the work of Stubbs, Ferneley, Sawrey Gilpin and other painters of outdoor life and sporting activities. The last-named artist was, in his lifetime, considered to be the equal of

that great painter George Stubbs, but modern opinion does not place him so high. He is, however, seen at his best in the portrait group of the third Earl of Albemarle out shooting with his son, which we reproduce. The actual gun and powder flask used by Lord Albemarle, as shown in the picture, are also exhibited with it.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

"IRON IN THE SOUL" (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), the third volume of Jean-Paul Sartre's enormous work, stands "four-square," as the jacket says. But not because it is a whole story. Completeness, unity—except of feeling—do not even occur to one. The past is of slight importance; if we remember it, so much the better, if not there is no void. For on the very threshold we are gripped by sheer actuality, by the terrific poetry of disaster, and it never lets go.

The book, or the experience, is in two movements. Part One, the consummation of defeat: Part Two, the first weeks of slavery. Part One is broken, desultory, ranging. It opens with the fall of Paris—but in New York, where Gomez, of the International Brigade, lies soaked in exile and despair. And so at once we have the keynote: a dynamic impotence, an action which is really fierce, intense thought. While Gomez thinks defeat and Paris, his wife and child are jammed in the stream of fugitives. Daniel is patrolling the deserted streets, and wallowing in intimations of Ragnarok. Boris, in hospital, is torn between affection and a lyric dream, the claims of Ivich and the white cliffs of Dover. Mathieu, still nerveless on the brink of some "total choice," is rotting with the neutral damned of this debacle, an army washed up on the same great refusal. Not one of them has fired a shot or seen a German, yet they have lost the war—have suddenly become defeated. In almost all, it withers up the thought of action, the belief in any cause but that of self. These are the pariahs of fate, degraded, herdlike, rooting in their own infamy, and squealing to be rounded up. One might suppose that Mathieu had found his level, and Mathieu's ever-active conscience does take that line. Yet having found it, he rejects it—choosing at last.

Then comes the second part, the dawn of slavery. First, we are on the scene of Mathieu's choice—but in the next moment, and another age. The round-up has begun. The Frenchmen welcome it, and hail the victors as divine beings. Because a god-like enemy is their excuse, because they need a Providence, and think, or try to think, they will be sent home. In this collapsed and boneless army there is one rigid figure—Brunet the Communist. Brunet is encased in faith, and always knows what to do. Yet underneath, his "objectivity" is cracking. He, too, is lost—uncertain of the Party line, loathing the mob and hoping they are bound for Germany, and yet infected, in his own despite, with plain human feeling.

The spell, however, lies in the detached scenes, which have a kind of visionary force. And often a compelling beauty. Squalor there has to be; it is a principle with M. Sartre, and it is not ignored. But with a large catastrophe to work on, he has reduced the squalor and the fungoid growths to mere incidentals. I can believe that "Iron in the Soul" would lose by a second reading. It has not enough, or not the best kind of human interest; the characters are apt to be modes of vision, or shadows with a label. But the first time, it bowls one over.

"Such Darling Dodos," by Angus Wilson (Secker and Warburg; 9s. 6d.), has bad luck in coming next. It would need a massive quality to stand up to M. Sartre. But since I happened to begin with it, unfair comparisons were not in my mind; and yet I felt again, as I had felt about "The Wrong Set," that Mr. Wilson has been over-praised. He is extremely intelligent, and also clever (a more doubtful quality). He writes well. He is inventive, sensitive to cultural modes, yet highly personal in tone. His stories have a good appearance, but I don't think they are quite genuine. Also, they have a streak of what some critics nowadays describe as horror, ruthlessness, or a profound compassion—my word is nastiness. Of course, I may be over-squeamish, and I own that nothing here is so repellent as a story in his first volume. Yet even here the flavour is equivocal, and there were things that shocked me. For instance, "Mummy to the Rescue"—not because the child is an idiot, but because the story, the compassionate and painful story, is somehow vulgar. A like uncertainty of touch appears at the beginning of "Necessity's Child"—the story of an unwanted little boy—in the horrid falseness of its first person. But his effects in general are somewhat fabricated. They are malicious, lively, realistic or macabre, satirical or fanciful, but they are not often true. But there is a wide display of talent; I don't suggest otherwise.

"Geordie," by David Walker (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is a lovable story; and when a Scottish writer has the trick of being lovable, the world is at his feet. This little tale should be immensely popular, and it deserves to be, though there is almost nothing to it, and its pinch of matter raises a smile. Geordie, a Highland keeper's little boy, is undersized—smaller than his playmate Jean, who is a year younger. He is extremely sick of being "wee Geordie" all the time, when providentially he lights on Mr. Henry Samson's advertisement: "YOU CAN BE STRONG! YOU CAN BE TALL! GROW BIG THE SAMSON WAY! WORLD-WIDE TESTIMONIALS." Geordie writes up for Mr. Samson's course, applies himself tenaciously, and grows to be 6 ft. 5 ins. Into the bargain he acquires great strength and learns to put the weight, and finally (to cut a short story short) becomes Olympic champion. This crowning incident takes place in Boston, and involves him with a lovely Norwegian giantess. So there is a little awkwardness with Jean on his return to Perthshire.

And that is all. The style is thoroughly disarming, winningly natural, simple as a mountain burn: yet it has pathos, sentiment and humour, and, in fact, the whole works. And obviously far more wit and judgment than it owns up to. And to speak seriously, it is very taking indeed.

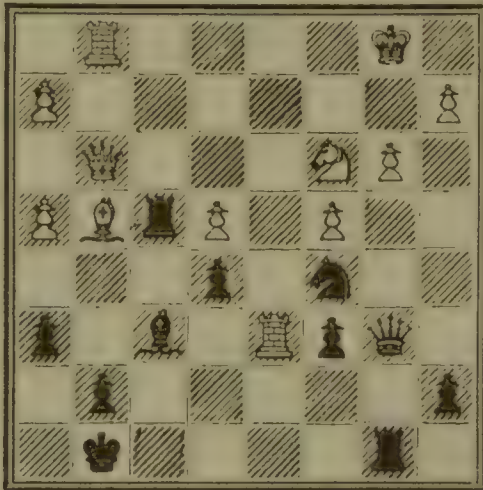
"Four Lost Ladies," by Stuart Palmer (Collins; 8s. 6d.), gave me the best time I have had for weeks—that is, among the corpses. Which ought to count for more, because America is not my favourite ground. Miss Withers, the retired schoolmarm, feels a trifle dull, so she begins to ponder all the lonely middle-aged women whose disappearance from New York makes so little stir. Why should not some of them have met foul play? Inspector Piper jeers, but she persists—and learns that four have lately vanished from the same hotel in much the same circumstances. A fifth committed suicide—perhaps. She starts on the trail, and though we quickly guess (I think are meant to guess) who did it, there is not a dull moment.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE play from the diagram was so original that I consider it a good excuse for reproducing yet another skirmish from the recent Universities' Chess Congress at Cambridge. Black, to move, wound up the game by a neat combination which involved the sacrifice of two pieces, one on each side of the board, and is given at the foot of this article.

J. H. KLISKEY (Bristol Univ.) WHITE.



O. H. HARDY (Sheffield Univ.) BLACK, TO PLAY.

THE LAWS OF CHESS.

We had another session at Copenhagen last month in the five-years-old discussion of revision of the laws of chess, and hope to be able to produce the new code after a final fortnight's wrangle in Stockholm in October.

A dull subject? Far from it—most amusing at times. Play over this queer game:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-Q4	P-QB4	5. P-K4	P-QR4
2. P×P	P-QKt3	6. B-KKt5	P-R5
3. P×P	Kt-KB3	7. Q-B3	P-R6
4. P-Kt7	P-KKt3	8. P×R(a)	P-KR3

(a) Promoting to a rook.

The serious student will already have paled over some of these moves and, when told that White now castles, may exhibit distressing symptoms. "With which rook?" he will moan. "With the rook on his QR8" you patiently explain. "His king is transferred to QBr and the rook brought from QR8 to Qr." This information should be given in a calm, reassuring voice, otherwise the effects might be really serious.

Examining the old Laws, you will see that this fantastic possibility has not been ruled out.

"Castling is not permitted (a) when either the K or the R has been moved previously" (well, the rook came into being on QR8 and is still there), "(b) when any square between the K and the R is occupied by a man, (c) if the king be in check, (d) if castling would cause the king to pass over or occupy any square on which he would be in check." All these conditions are satisfied. How to castle is made clear enough. "The king is placed on one of the two nearest squares of the same colour as his own in the same rank, and then the R towards which the K has been moved is placed on the next square on the further side of the moved K." That is to say, on Qr.

If you argue, "There are two rooks on the side towards which the king has moved," I reply, "Well, the other one cannot move at all, legally, and, anyway, there is a knight between it and the king, so that it can't be used for castling, under rule (b)."

Or, if you like, White gave the odds of this rook, so that it was removed at the start of the game. I'm not particular.

To return to something serious, namely, the diagram. Black played 1... B×P (neatly decoying the queen); 2. Q×B, Kt×KtP (3. P×Kt, Q×Pch; 4. K-Bx, Q×Ktch soon mates). Actually, White in desperation tried 3. B-K6 ch. and the game finished 3... K-Rr; 4. Q×Pch, P×Q; 5. R-Kt6, Kt-Q5 ch.; 6. K-Bx, Q-Kt7 ch.; 7. K-Qr, R-B8 mate.

to him for the suggestion that the crowd's cry of "Hoc habet" to the wounded gladiator is the origin of the phrase: "He's had it." Even if it isn't, it ought to be!

In his distinguished introduction to "Italy" in the "Countries in Colour" Series (Batsford; 27s. 6d.), Mr. Harold Acton says of Mr. Peter Karfeld's photographs: "While following his camera from place to place, I confess that an obstinate prejudice has faded and that I prefer these living photographs to a thousand dead water-colours." I agree with him. The art of colour photography has reached amazing heights, but these pictures of Italy are breathtaking. Mr. Karfeld, like the great conjurer, obligingly lets us see how he does it. That is to say he gives an exact description of the time of day, the camera used, the lens, the shutter speed, etc. But if you get the book you will see what I mean when I say that I prefer to go on believing that it is done by magic. E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ROME AND ITALY.

I AM not normally greatly attracted to books by schoolmasters (Freud might possibly have some explanation), but for "Pax Romana," by Lawrence Waddy (Chapman and Hall; 15s.), I must sort over my stock of superlatives. The Headmaster of Tonbridge has written a book which his colleagues should buy in quantity for their charges—and one which the fathers should not grudge appearing on those harassing lists of "supplementary estimates" which accompany that truly horrifying main school-bill. Mr. Waddy links the Pax Romana with World Peace in his title—and with justification. For only once in the history of the civilised world has there been a period of lasting peace—from the accession of Augustus in 31 B.C. to the death of Antoninus Pius in 161 A.D. It was a period almost as long as that which separates us from the Forty-Five Rebellion. During that long period of the Roman peace initiated by Augustus—probably the greatest ruler the world has ever known—there were, it is true, outbursts of civil war. Of his fourteen successors eight (if you include Tiberius) were murdered or committed suicide to avoid a more painful death. Life at Rome was often a nightmare. But outside the hothouse atmosphere of the capital the slow, patient building and consolidation of the Roman Empire and the Roman Peace continued unaffected. And even with its imperfections what a system it was! As Mr. Waddy writes: "Let us remember the many things which Rome took for granted, and which the modern world only longs for and regards as Utopian: a unified army and police system for the civilised world; unified communications; a universal system of law never since surpassed; a citizenship, admittedly limited in the first two centuries, but open to men of enterprise and merit anywhere in the Empire; freedom of travel and a common official language, yet the liberty to retain one's own language and culture also; freedom from want and freedom of trade, each to a very remarkable degree; and freedom from the excess of nationalism."

The things which destroyed the Roman Peace—apart from the barbarians (many of them Romanised)—were centralisation, bureaucracy, high taxes, the constant necessity of providing sops for a debased but clamorous proletariat (slave or free), and the loss of vigour and initiative on the part of natural leaders which these things always have produced and are undoubtedly producing in our own day and age. But there was something more. "Where there is no vision the people perish," and the Romans for all their Stoic virtues, their efficiency, their patience and courage wanted vision. Mr. Waddy is right in deploring the fact that the early Christians had neither the intellectual equipment nor (after the early persecutions) the will to capture the Roman world before it was too late—though it was the Church, basing itself on the memory and tradition of the Roman Peace, which finally brought the Western world out of the Dark Ages. His plea for a reconsideration of the Roman Peace, for a study of an Empire greater than anything we have produced going down in disaster for enduring reasons which are equally clear to the historian of the past or the student of the present, for a federalism of the democratic powers before it is too late, is the conclusion of this thoughtful, scholarly, lively and excellently written book.

The Rome of the Empire disappeared before the Goths and Vandals, but she is not called the Eternal City for nothing. In her long history the statues of Tiberius may have been broken up or burnt to provide rubble or lime; her pagan walls were often the foundation for Christian Churches; the work of the barbarians in destroying ancient Rome may have been completed by great Roman families such as the Barberini; but her history is woven without void. There is probably no greater living English authority on the art and architecture of Rome than Mr. Edward Hutton, and it is appropriate that in Holy Year he should have issued a new and up-to-date version of his well-known book—originally published forty years ago—"Rome" (Hollis and Carter; 15s.). This is something more than a guide book without tears. It is almost—if to suggest such a thing were not an absurdity—a definitive historical and architectural description of the city for which Mr. Hutton has a Bellocian feeling combined with a *pietas* which would have pleased the Romans of the Republic and Empire. There are some travel books which could be left behind in the Rome Express or the Vesuvius funicular with no more than a shrug of the shoulders and a regret for the shillings spent on them. To lose Mr. Hutton's "Rome" would be a matter for outcry, lamentation and summoning of the police.

After this I must confess that I approached Mr. Charles Graves' "Italy Revisited" (Hutchinson; 16s.) with qualms. For Mr. Graves is such a popular writer, whose style is absorbed so easily by the millions, that I feared that after Mr. Hutton's literary delights it would be like going into a modern Italian cinema after a basilica. But no. While being, as ever, eminently readable, Mr. Graves has produced what is to my mind the best of his many books to date. Mr. Graves is an indefatigable traveller and possessed of that invincible curiosity which makes the first-class journalist. The result is vigorous, lively, entertaining and (if Mr. Graves will allow me to say so) shows that twenty-five years of popular journalism have not eradicated all traces of a sound classical education! In this connection I am indebted

OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND SOME EVENTS OF NOTE.



AT THE FIRST PASSING-OUT PARADE OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL INSPECTING OFFICER CADETS AT HURON CAMP, HINDHEAD, SURREY, ON AUGUST 10.
The Princess Royal, Controller Commandant of the Women's Royal Army Corps, visited the Women's Royal Army Corps training centre at Huron Camp, Hindhead, Surrey, on August 10. Her Royal Highness took the salute at a march-past and later opened the Women's Royal Army Corps Museum. Our photograph shows the Princess Royal inspecting officer cadets at the passing-out parade.



MR. IAN MORRISON.
Killed in Korea on Aug. 12 when the jeep in which he was travelling hit a mine. He was Special Correspondent of *The Times*. Born in Peking in 1913, he was the son of "Morrison of Peking," the famous *Times* correspondent, and was himself the doyen of Far Eastern correspondents.



MR. CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY.
Died of wounds in Korea on August 12 after the jeep in which he and Mr. Ian Morrison were travelling hit a mine. Aged forty-five, he had been Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* since 1940, and his brilliant reports during World War II, and latterly from Korea were well known.



WEARING HIS BARDIC CROWN: THE REV. EUROS BOWEN, VICAR OF LLANGOWER (RIGHT), WITH THE ARCH-DRUID CYNAN.
The most notable feature of the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod at Caerphilly on August 8 was the ceremony of crowning the bard. The winner of the crown, one of the most coveted prizes, was the Rev. Euros Bowen, Vicar of Llangower, near Bala, who belongs to a distinguished Welsh literary family. Mr. Bowen, who is forty-seven, won the bardic crown at the Bridgend National Eisteddfod in 1948. The subject Mr. Bowen chose this year was "Annihilation."



RESIGNED FROM THE LABOUR PARTY: MR. RAYMOND BLACKBURN, M.P.
Mr. Raymond Blackburn, Labour M.P. for the Northfield Division of Birmingham, announced on August 4 his resignation from the Labour Party. In future he will sit in the House of Commons as an Independent. His resignation reduces the number of Labour Members in the House to 313. In a statement Mr. Blackburn said that in his view Mr. Churchill should become Prime Minister of a Coalition Government, as "we must have at our head the only man who could have prevented the last war."



DISCUSSING THE DEFENCE OF FORMOSA: GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR (CENTRE) TALKING TO GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK AND MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK BEFORE THEIR CONFERENCE IN TAIPEH.
Before General MacArthur, United Nations' commander in Korea, left Taipei for Tokyo on August 1, after his two-days talks with Chinese Nationalist leaders, he said: "My visit to Formosa has been primarily for the purpose of making a short reconnaissance of the potential of its defence against possible attack." In a statement on his conference with General MacArthur, General Chiang Kai-shek said that they had reached agreement on the defence of Formosa based on Chinese-American military co-operation.



A COLONIAL ADMINISTRATOR: THE LATE BRIG.-GEN. SIR SAMUEL WILSON.
Brig.-General Sir Samuel Wilson, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.B.E., Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies from 1925-33, died in London on August 6, aged seventy-six. He was Governor and C-in-C. Trinidad and Tobago, 1921-24; Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica, 1924-25. The son of Dr. James Wilson, of Dublin, he entered the Royal Engineers from Woolwich in 1893. He served in the South African War, and in World War I, when he was mentioned in despatches seven times.



THE END OF A RECORD SWIM: MISS FLORENCE CHADWICK RESTING IN SHALLOW WATER OFF THE ENGLISH COAST AFTER SWIMMING THE CHANNEL ON AUGUST 8.
Miss Florence Chadwick, a thirty-one-year-old American typist, swam the English Channel on August 8 and in doing so set up a new record for women. She reached the English coast, about two miles east of Dover, 13 hours and 23 minutes after entering the water at Gris-Nez. The previous record of 14 hours 39 minutes was set up in 1926 by Miss Gertrude Ederle of America.



PLAYING POLO AT HENLEY FOR THE ROYAL NAVY TEAM: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.
H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, on leave from the Navy before taking command of the frigate *Maggie*, played polo at Henley on August 9 for the Royal Navy team which defeated Sussex in the semi-final of the Senior Cup. The Duke of Edinburgh has been spending his leave at Clarence House, London, with his wife, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, who was expecting their second child in the middle of August.



PERSONALITIES AT LAKE SUCCESS: SIR GLADWYN JEBB (LEFT), THE BRITISH DELEGATE, IN CONVERSATION WITH MR. J. MALIK, SOVIET DELEGATE AND THIS MONTH'S PRESIDENT.
Since August 1, when Mr. Malik, the Russian delegate at Lake Success, assumed the Presidency of the Security Council after a seven-months boycott of the United Nations, the debates in the Security Council have been dominated by Mr. Malik's tactics of obstruction. On August 10, Mr. Truman said that he was "highly pleased" with the performances of the U.S. and British representatives.



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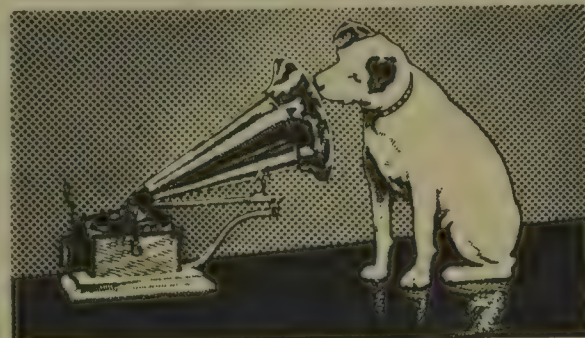
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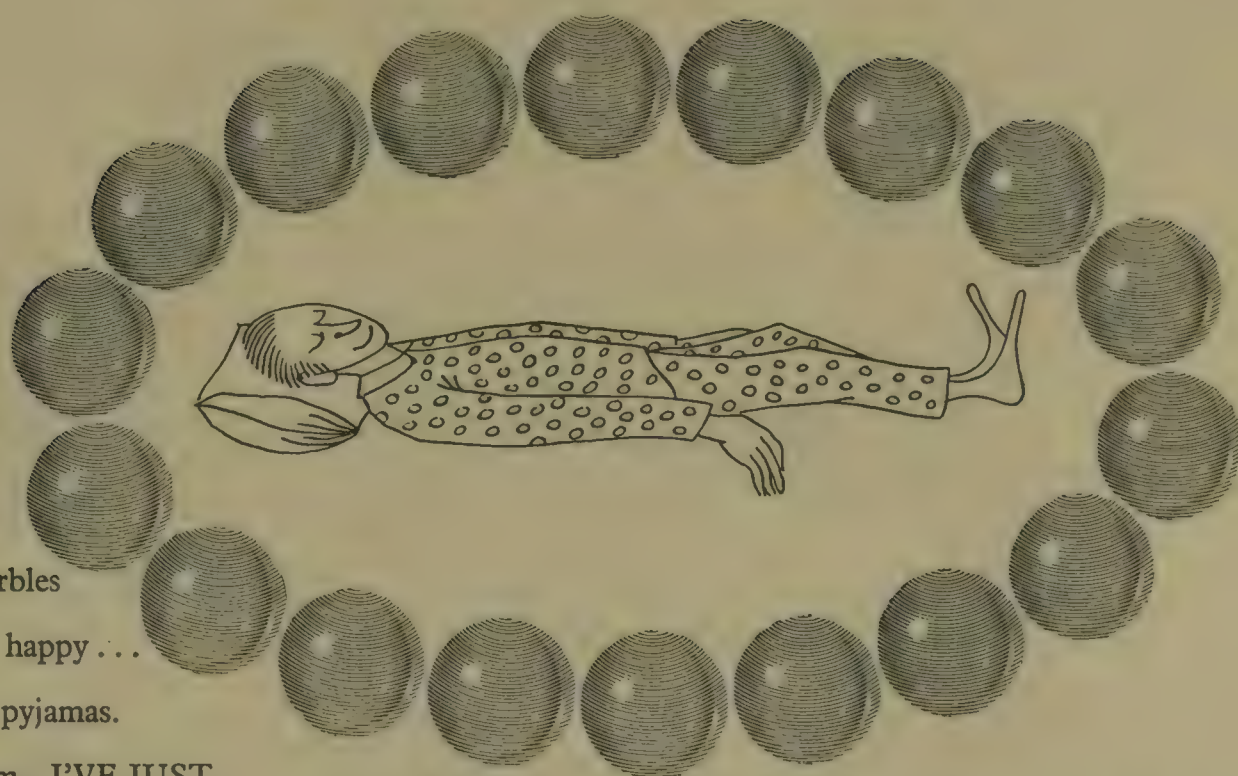
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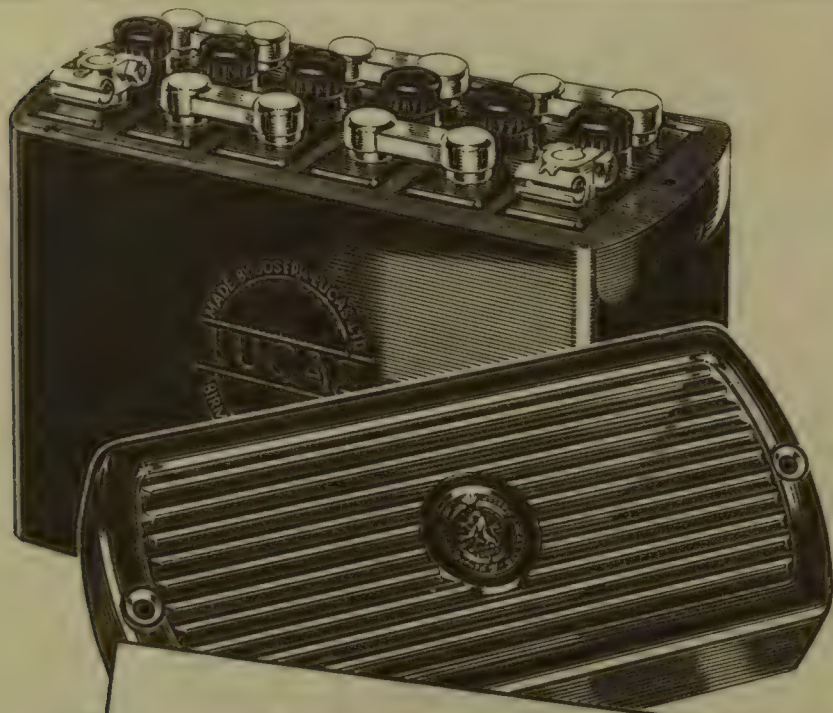


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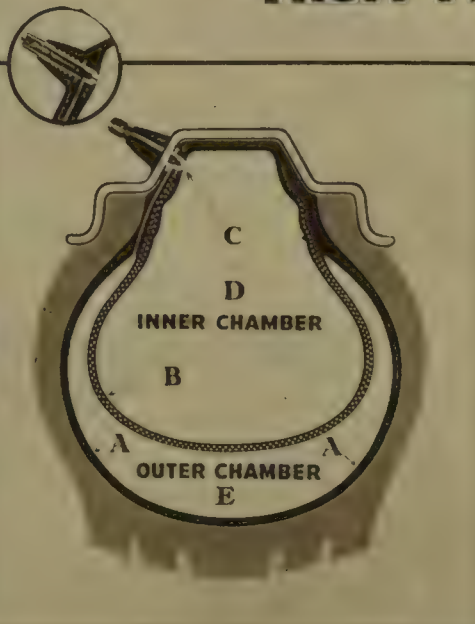
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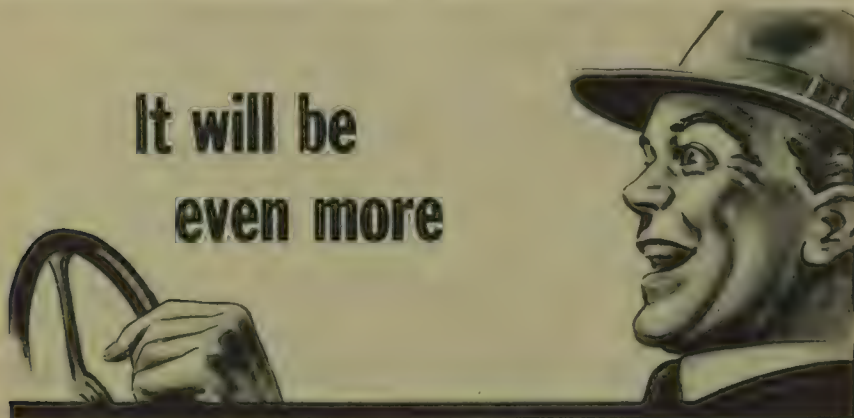
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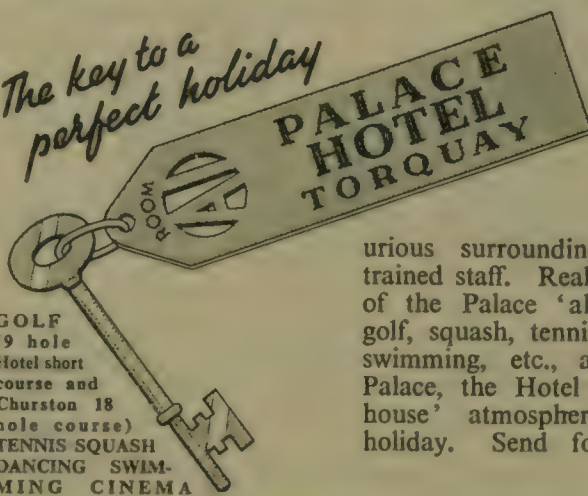
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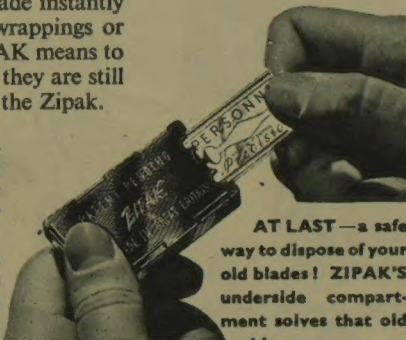
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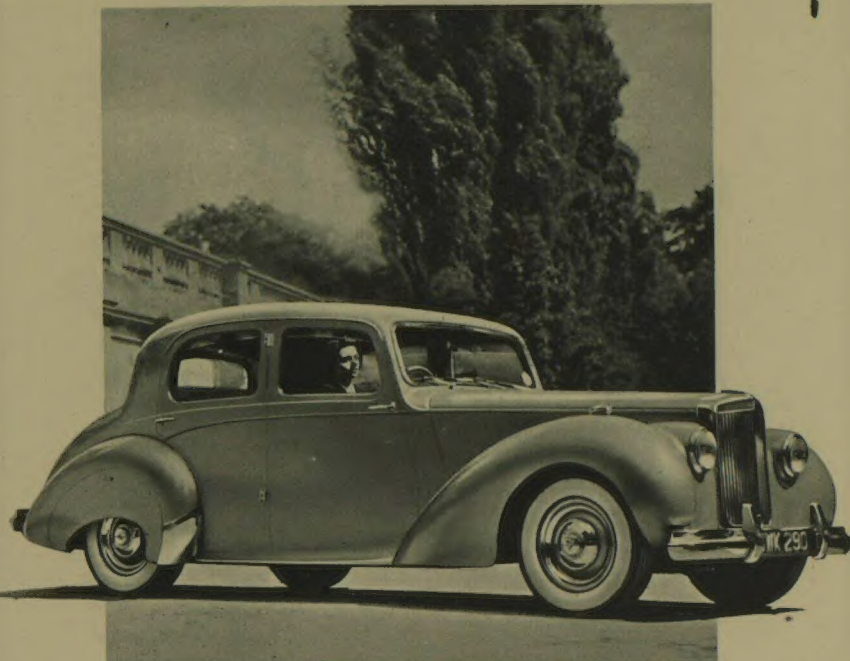
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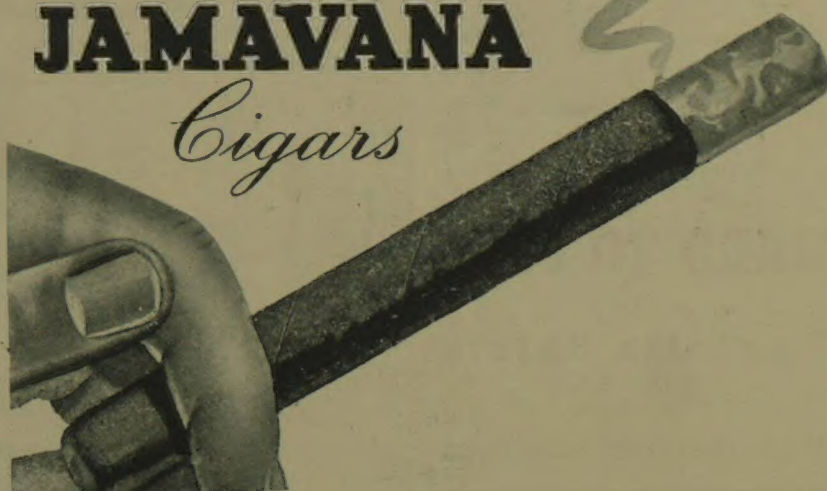
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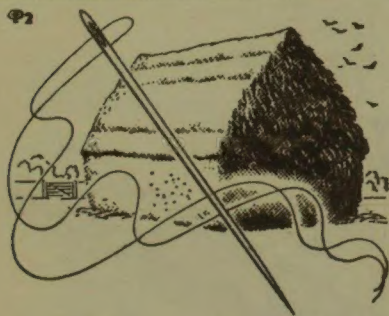
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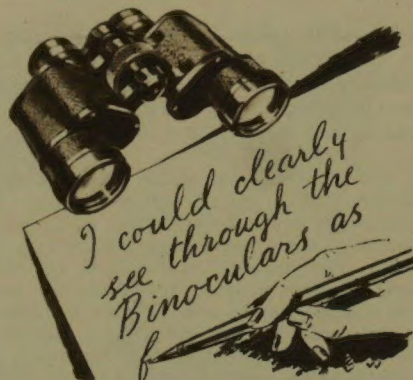
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during the shave*

The lotion in Ingram's prepares your skin for the shave while the lather softens up the bristles — it saves your face from razor-drag the whole shave through. Try an Ingramshave to-day, you'll find it cool, and what a comfort!



Ingram's combines its own face lotion

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

50/1/5

Motor how you will . . .



*I will give you
MORE MILES PER GALLON!*

says Mr. MERCURY



NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE



August calls for **PIMM'S No.1**

The Romans named this month after their Emperor, Augustus, borrowing a whole day from September to make August as long as grand-uncle Julius' month, just past. If you can borrow only a fraction of a day, any time this month, you should enjoy this really *august* drink—an imperial half-pint of Pimm's.

Pimm's No. 1 is an iced "cup" made of gin and fine liqueurs, topped with cooling borage. No wonder Britons hail Pimm's as the perfect summer potion.



THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



PROGRESS

THE VICKERS VISCOUNT

"... an historic achievement in commercial design and construction. The combination of Vickers and Rolls-Royce has indeed brought about a technical triumph of the first order." "Aeronautics"

The Viscount is powered by Rolls-Royce "Dart" propeller-turbine engines.

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By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King George VI



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Purveyor of Cherry Heering
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King Frederik IX



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Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King Gustaf V



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
The Queen of the Netherlands



Precious moments

Through four generations CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as well as created many precious moments. Today, supplies are still not unlimited, but this old Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.



CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818